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ART. I.—*A Financial, Monetary, and Statistical History of England, from the Revolution of 1688, to the Present Time ; derived principally from official documents. In Seventeen Letters, addressed to the Young Men of Britain.* By Thomas Doubleday, Esq., author of 'The Law of Population,' etc. London: Effingham Wilson. 1847. pp. 430.

THE title of this book gives a fair view of its contents. To have been written by the author of a 'Theory of Population,' it has, however, one remarkable deficiency. Mr. Doubleday does not once refer to the census, and takes no notice of the increase or decrease of the people. With that, the progress of society—if not all its varying phenomena—increase of consumption, greater demand and rise of price, increase of knowledge, greater ingenuity and skill, cheaper production and fall of price—is closely and inseparably connected. An increase of population is the one great physical fact which, from the beginning of society, has accompanied all the moral effects called civilization. A statistical history without as accurate an account as can be obtained of the movement of the population through the whole period embraced by the history, is a building without a foundation. We know no other special, financial, and statistical history which does not rest on the increase or decrease of the people. 'Chalmers's Estimate,' 'Porter's Progress,' 'Hopkins's Economical History,' are works of the same class as that of Mr. Doubleday, though embracing different periods ; and the movement of the population is the basis of all. Such an omission,

coupled with the fact that Mr. Doubleday is the author of a novel theory on the subject, is calculated to throw a shade of discredit on his extensive compilation.

On another point he differs from other statistical writers. They are in general contented with stating facts; and, though they may have a party bias, they do not indulge in an abuse of persons. Mr. Doubleday is obviously a keen politician and a good hater, and his work is very deficient in the calmness of pure science. It is redolent of censure of men and things. He writes as if he had always been in opposition to every ministry since the Revolution of 1688, and was bound to condemn every measure. For the Tories of Queen Anne's reign and for Lord Chatham, he has a word or two of praise; but for other persons, only vituperation; and for some, very coarse vituperation. Johnson was 'a pompous, overpraised bully;' George III. 'a royal idiot;' his mother, 'a regal demirep;' Bute, a 'profligate Scotchman,' etc. Financial and statistical histories, though very valuable, cannot float down the stream of time under the burden of such language. It may have made the partizan pamphlets of the time, from which Mr. Doubleday has the merit of borrowing it, racy and acceptable; but now that the party fever is at an end and forgotten, it seems as nauseous as the draughts which are swallowed with avidity by a parched and thirsty patient. Agreeing in the main with some of Mr. Doubleday's doctrines, and aware that those who differ from the ruling powers are sometimes accused of indulging in foul language, we notice at once this general tarnish of his work, lest we appear to sanction his vituperative style.

We are not disposed, indeed, to attribute to Mr. Doubleday any extraordinary sagacity or a perfect mastery of the principles of economical science. If, as Chancellor Oxenstiern said, 'The political world is governed by very little wisdom,' we may quote Mr. Doubleday, who is rather fond of referring to this axiom, as an example, in common with many writers of the day, that equally little philosophy is sufficient to criticise the wisdom of politicians. He vehemently condemns the establishment of the Bank of England, the use of paper money, the contraction of enormous national debts, the Suspension of cash payments, the Resumption Act of 1819, the Bank Charter Act of 1844, and other acts and institutions; but he rather adopts popular conclusions, than demonstrates them to be just. His work, however, is of too wide a scope for us to embrace the whole, and we must select one or two topics illustrative of general principles for remark.

We shall be the more readily excused for not adverting to Mr. Doubleday's details, when it is remembered, that statistics,



unless steadily enlightened and tested by the natural laws of increase of population and wealth, are not sure and safe guides. It is, for example, part of his case that prices rose very much after the establishment of the Bank of England, and the introduction of paper money; but in our times, prices have fallen very much in conjunction with both. In fact, so many causes conspire to influence prices, both temporarily and permanently, such as the increase of people, the opening of new markets, and the invention of new arts; and contractions and expansions of the currency, particularly paper currency, are so much more generally the effects than the causes of variations in price, that, without a most careful, minute, and complete analysis of every change, mere tables of figures are very likely to lead, as they have led Mr. Doubleday, to erroneous conclusions. We must content ourselves, therefore, in adverting to one or two points, by referring rather to principles than details.

Of the establishment of the Bank of England, the author says—

‘In Holland, the country of his birth, the Dutch king and his advisers found both a precedent to quote, and an example to follow. By its position and circumstances, this country, inconsiderable in size and population, and not naturally defensible, had been compelled to act the part, for a series of years, of a leading power in Europe; and, this it had only been enabled to do, by that novel arm which a very extensive foreign trade is sure to create, and by the money drawn together by successful trading. Venice had, at an earlier period, played a similar part; but a series of struggles at last led the huckstering genius of the Dutch into a system, at which the Venetian republic had not arrived; and this was the fabrication of paper-money, the erection of a bank to issue it, and the systematic borrowing of that money, and the creation of debt on the part of the government, for only the interest of which taxes were demanded of the people. Here was machinery set up and at work; and, in the opinion of interested or superficial observers, working successfully. It was, accordingly, soon proposed to set up a copy of this machinery in England, and in A. D. 1694, the blow was struck, which has been destined to have effects so monstrous, so long continued, and so marvellous on the fortunes of England and her people; and the establishment since known as ‘the Bank of England,’ was erected under the sanction of the government.’—pp. 63, 64.

‘The houses of parliament were, after a severe struggle, prevailed upon to sanction it; and on the 27th day of July, A. D. 1694, the first charter was issued, a day fifty times more really important and memorable, than epochs of dynasties, or eras of victories and conquests.’—p. 64.

‘In the act itself, certain clauses enact, that if subscribers under the act shall raise £1,200,000, they shall be formed into a corpora-

tion under the style and title of 'the Governor and Company of the Bank of England.' The remaining £300,000 was also to be subscribed; but for this the lenders were to receive annuities from the government for one, two, and three lives. The new bank company were, in return for their charter, to lend the whole of the subscribed capital (£1,200,000) to government, at an interest of *eight* per cent. per annum. They were also to have £4,000 a-year for management; in all, £100,000 a-year for lending £1,200,000. Such being the terms offered, the subscription-list was filled up in ten days, and on the 27th July, 1694, their charter was sealed: and this, it may be truly said was 'the opening of the first seal'—for England. The name of the first governor was John Houlbon, Knt.; and amongst the directors stands the ill-omened name of William Paterson, the contriver and concoctor of the whole scheme.

'Thus the beginning of '*paper-money*,' and a '*bank*,' was the beginning of '*national debt*,' properly so called.'—pp. 72, 73.

'Thus were now fairly established in England, paper-credit and paper-money in the shape of 'Exchequer Bills' and 'Bank notes,' formally for the first time. This novelty, destined to be so disastrous in its after effects, was only brought about by an open and avowed union between the Government and the Bank, and a combination of the credit of both; which continued as time elapsed, though with more of secrecy; and which, despite of all assertion to the contrary, continues at this hour.'—p. 77.

The great objection which Mr. Doubleday makes to the establishment of the Bank of England is, that it was the origin of paper money and the national debt. Both are spoken of as disastrous. As they are still numbered amongst our plagues or our advantages, it is of importance to form correct opinions concerning them. Mr. Doubleday admits, that before the Bank of England was established, 'goldsmiths' receipts for coin lodged with them had been transferred from hand to hand,' and were 'an approach to paper money.' He admits, too, that the Dutch had been taught the use of paper money 'by their extensive foreign trade.' He cannot be ignorant that, about the same period, or some time before, paper money grew into use amongst commercial men throughout Europe, as well as in Holland and England. He has probably learnt from Professor Storch or Sir John Mandeville, that paper money was introduced into Tartary towards the end of the thirteenth century, and, from living authors, that it exists in China to this day. He knows, that from the time of its introduction its use has everywhere continually extended; and that it not only prevails, now, more or less, over the whole commercial world, but that day by day, more and more of the functions of trade are performed by paper money. It is abundantly evident, too, that many of those functions, under the present vast extension of

commerce in different countries, could no more be carried on without paper money, than without products to be exchanged. It ought, therefore, to have occurred to Mr. Doubleday, that the introduction of paper money into England, at whatever period it may have taken place, was one of the inevitable consequences of those general laws which, as he states, 'control, and will control, human affairs,' and not of any act of parliament. If no other objection could be raised to the Bank of England than that it was the parent of paper money, it would at no time have been a usurpation, an injustice, or an evil. At this moment there could be no good reason to condemn it; and Mr. Doubleday, instead of having his conclusion backed by the bulk of the community, would stand unsupported and alone. The public, too, would have before it the pleasant prospect of the bank, flourishing with all its privileges in green vigour, as long as England should continue to be a trading country.

The truth is, that money altogether, metallic as well as paper, is the child of commerce, not of government. Commerce again is wholly an affair of barter between individuals. It is the complement and the consequence of division of labour, and of the earth being endowed with different climates suitable to the production of different commodities. It is in no sense the offspring of political regulations, or of men being collected under different governments, though tariffs and restrictions may impede or destroy it. We are accustomed to speak of it, but erroneously as carried on between nations, but nations in their corporate capacities are not traders. Queen Victoria's government does not buy of that of Mr. Polk, and sell to that of Louis Philippe. Whether the individuals who buy and sell, all live under one of these governments, or under all three, they carry on trade for their own advantage exclusively, and not to benefit the state. By laws, the state restricts their operations, just as savages interfere with the perfection of the body by copper shoes, or bags of sand placed on the forehead; by them it may impede the growth of trade, or distort it; but as the rule, it never engages in trade. It is wrong, therefore, to speak of foreign trade, as carried on between nations politically distinct; it is carried on between individuals living in parts of the earth, having different advantages of climate, which may or may not have one sovereign. Commerce is altogether a natural, not a political phenomenon. It is an essential part of natural, and no part of political society. To that it is, in fact, opposed, for it continually tends to amalgamate into one common humanity, those separate people whom political regulations keep asunder. Of this great branch of natural society or civilization, money is the essential instrument, as the plough and the harrow are the



essential tools of agriculture. As the laws of mechanics determine the properties and the application of tools, so the natural laws which give birth to commerce, determine all the qualities and properties of money.

This is evident from money being much the same at all times and places, however different may be political regulations. From the earliest ages, commerce has everywhere used, and still uses, with few exceptions, all over the world, the precious metals as money. They are as peculiarly adapted to this purpose as iron is for making a ploughshare, by inherent qualities not imparted to them by governments. The quantities, too, of them obtainable, and the amount of labour necessary to obtain a given quantity, determining their relative value to all other commodities, are not regulated by governments. All which governments ever have professed to do beneficially for money, is to certify by marks or stamps that coins contain a certain definite *weight* of the precious metals of a known fineness. Over the qualities and quantities of the precious metals, the two elements of their value, governments have no more control than over sunshine. They can shut their subjects up in dungeons or workhouses, and so prevent the sun shining on them; and they can, by taxation, extort money from the people, or monopolise mines; but they cannot determine the quantity of the precious metals which commerce requires and can command. They impede the supply of food by corn-laws, but they cannot control the seasons nor the population, nor determine each year whether food shall be abundant or scanty. Neither can they control the productiveness of mines, any more than they can determine the qualities of the metals.

Our government takes no trouble whatever about the supply of the precious metals, but leaves it wholly to commerce. They may be freely exported and imported. 'The precious metals,' said Sir Robert Peel, on May 6, 1844, and the admission is of great importance, coming from a man whose whole business depends on denying that anything is regulated except by laws enacted in parliament,—'the precious metals are distributed among the various countries of the world, in proportion to their respective necessities, by laws of a certain though not very obvious operation; which, without *our* (the legislature) interference, will allot to *our* (the nation) share all that we require.' Thus, with the quantity of metallic money on which its exchangeable value mainly depends, the government does not pretend to interfere, but trusts the supply and the regulation of the supply wholly to commerce. Metallic money, therefore, is regulated in its principal parts, and would be regulated in all its parts, were governments not to interfere with it, by the natural laws which give birth to commerce.

The same truth is quite as certain and as plain of paper-money, which is obviously the invention of commerce for its own purposes. It comes after metallic money in the order of time, as wheel-carriages came after pack-horses, and as steam locomotives on rails have come after wheel-carriages on stoned roads. Promissory notes, whether payable on demand or after certain dates, bills of exchange, or drafts, are instruments of commerce, not of government. They are the natural consequences of credit, which is the natural and necessary result of the different periods required to bring different commodities to market.

It is customary to speak of coining money as one of the inherent prerogatives of the crown; but 'divers bishops and monasteries,' says Blackstone,\* 'had formerly the privilege of coining money.' 'The coining of money,' says Miller,† 'was a privilege early assumed by the nobles or great proprietors of land on the territory under their jurisdiction.' In the time of Athelstane, we have a list of twelve towns in which money was coined; and the superior clergy, we are told, shared with the king in the prerogative of coining.‡ Some of these towns, or some individuals resident in them, paid to the king a sum of 'money for a license or privilege to coin.'§ It is pretty clear, therefore, that the sovereign princes, bishops, abbots, great lords, etc., seized the privilege of coining as they seized the passages across rivers and mountains, for the purpose of levying black mail or tolls on commerce. Their usurpations were at length consolidated in the hands of the most successful and powerful amongst them, and became the royal prerogative of coining. At every period, we see sovereign princes laying their hands on mills, or banks, or railways—on every successive branch of society as it shoots forth new and productive, and subjecting it to a tax or a license; and thus establishing a royal, or, in modern times, a parliamentary prerogative, to tax grinding corn, or distilling spirits; or, in some states, to be the chief miller, banker, railway maker, or coiner, in the kingdom. Instead of confining itself, according to the theory of kingship, to protecting the industry of the people, the sovereign power has ever laid in ambush, as it were, to seize on every invention and improvement as it came into being, and pervert it to its own purposes. So wide has now become its range, that scarcely a part of society escapes its control—from the earliest teaching of little children to the depositing the last remains of mortality in the grave—from the child's go-cart to the iron road that runs through the empire;

\* Book i. chap. vii.

† On the English Government, vol. i. p. 226.

‡ Annals of Commerce, vol. i. p. 266.

§ Ibid. pp. 269—274.

and it has everywhere become the sovereign disturber of all the natural relations of society.

By the prerogative of coining it has done much mischief. Under the pretext of preserving uniformity, and protecting the people against fraud, it took on itself the duty of certifying the weight and value of coins. Instead of continuing to divide the precious metals by weight, as was done by commerce, it divided them arbitrarily, and fixed a nominal value on its coins. The sovereign power not only perverted the instrument of commerce far from its easily understood divisions by weight, but it depreciated and degraded it, still calling that a pound which was not even an ounce. By successively corrupting the instrument of commerce, it inflicted, at different periods, more disorder and trouble on society than all the petty larceny that ever was committed. Every student of political economy knows, and every man is continually reminded by the names, that the pound sterling (originally a pound of silver), in England, has been cheatingly degraded to a third part of that weight; and a livre, in France, to the sixty-sixth part of its nominal amount. Before the invention of paper money, governments borrowed the substance of their subjects without acknowledging any debt, by issuing debased coin. After paper-money was invented, they used that for their purposes; and then they became sticklers for maintaining the integrity of the standard. Having learnt some honesty from the fair trader, they raised a great alarm against over issuing bankers, and took to issuing or controlling paper-money themselves, which they degraded, as in England, Russia, and Austria, from twenty per cent. to less than a third of its written and engraved value. It was not, therefore, as Mr. Doubleday supposes, the invention of paper-money which led to national debts, but the folly and rapacity of rulers, who, in all ages, have turned the instruments of commerce to an evil purpose. In modern times, the magnitude of national incumbrances has become conspicuous and startling in consequence of the vast increase of wealth among the people. There has been much to borrow, and governments have borrowed much.

Governments have properly nothing to do with paper-money, which represents the credit of producers. They issue exchequer-bills, however, and by their operations continually disturb the credit market; but they produce nothing with which to redeem their obligations. Their revenue consists of portions of all the commodities produced by the people, on which credit has generally been taken on their way to the market. Credit on revenue can only be paid by taxes. Governments have no legitimate source of credit, and all their loans are in excess over and above the natural amount of credit. Mercantile paper-money, not the



paper issued by governments, is as much a part of the natural system of commerce as metallic money; and the bankers who prepare and distribute it pretty equally among the productive classes, are as necessary links in the chain of trade as the merchant or the cultivator. They are the agents both of lenders and borrowers. The Bank of England, merely as a bank, is not to be condemned on account either of the number of its partners or the extent of its capital, because it was established by a Whig ministry and a Dutch king, or because it was connected with paper-money and the increase by the government of the national debt; but the government is to be condemned for having, at the end of the seventeenth century, seized hold of the useful but then nascent invention of commercial paper-money, and turned it to a bad end. Ever since then, it has played a succession of tricks with paper-money, that are only to be matched by the tricks it before played with metallic money. The difference between Mr. Doubleday and us is, that he throws all the blame of national debts on paper-money and on the bank; while we throw it on the government which, continually practising or adhering to injustice, was as much in fault in 1844 as in 1694.

The difference between Mr. Doubleday and ourselves is the type of a general difference of opinion of some importance. There are a great number of other branches of society which, even more clearly and obviously than metallic and paper-money, have a natural origin, and are regulated by natural laws. The increase of population, for example, carrying with it the complication of all the relations of society, crowding men as to space, and gradually converting everywhere a rural and scattered population into a town population, producing a great number of changes, that continually astonish and confound the lawgiver; is obviously the result of natural laws, and is regulated by the same laws as regulate the changes in the atmosphere. To confound the effects of these natural laws with the effects of legislation, as Mr. Doubleday does, and not only in the above instance, but throughout his book, is a common and mischievous error. All the natural branches or offsets of society, including paper-money, are necessarily beneficial; there is a continual succession of new branches wherever population rapidly increases; but by most people the novelty is conceived to be something wrong, and they complain of it, or try to suppress or regulate it. We require to be continually on our guard against the supposition that everything in society, whether good or evil, is caused by human laws, and can be improved by them. Government always acts on this error. It may indeed be said to be the foundation of its existence. As government, by seizing hold of paper-

money and perverting it, has done great mischief; so it seems likely to pursue exactly the same course with exactly the same results as to railroads. We cannot, therefore, mark too strongly the difference between Mr. Doubleday and ourselves, as an index to a general difference of the same kind which pervades society.

It is customary to speak and write of the natural laws, from which society springs, and by which it is regulated, as if they were sometimes suspended for the convenience of governments and nations, and only brought into operation by a disastrous season. In this we deceive ourselves. They are always silently, and 'not obviously,' working, though our attention may be more forcibly directed to them at one period than another. What was wrong, therefore, and mischievous in the original charter of the bank, is wrong and mischievous, so much of it as remains, at this day, and has been wrong and mischievous through the whole time of its existence. Banks are beneficial establishments; issuing paper money is beneficial; the exclusive privileges granted to the Bank of England were an injustice to other men. Every man has a natural right to enter into and carry on trade. Every subject of the queen has an equal right to share in all the natural advantages of trade; he has an equal right, therefore, with every other man, to become a banker, or form a bank with other men, and carry on the banking business, including the issue of promises to pay on demand to any amount, according to his own views, consistently with honesty. The charter of the bank took away this natural right from all other men, and conferred parts of it exclusively on the Bank of England proprietors. It gave them the power to establish a bank with more than six partners, and prohibited others from doing so. It allowed them to issue bank-notes, and prohibited other banks from issuing them within a certain distance. The privileges granted to the bank were restrictions on the honest industry of other men. The bank charter then was from the first, and is now, an act of positive injustice to all her majesty's subjects other than bank proprietors.

Our readers are aware that, under the Tudors and the Stuarts, and prior even to the reigns of the Tudors, it was customary for the sovereign to grant or sell to individuals, for a consideration, various privileges, such as the exclusive right to import wine from Gascony, till all business had become, towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, a vast bundle of vexatious monopolies. The great revolution, provoked in some measure by them, swept many of them away, but the spirit of the Tudors and the Stuarts survived in William III. and the parliament; and the grant by them of a charter to the Bank of England in return for a loan of £1,200,000, was a revival on a large scale—applied to a

new branch of business—appearing to injure no one, and therefore acquiesced in—of the old prerogative of selling the liberties of the people to supply the temporary necessities of the sovereign. For a bribe, the government violated its duty to the people; and sold the freedom of industry it was bound to guard, for the paltry consideration of a loan of £1,200,000. Such, however, was the morality of the age, formed on the still worse political morality of the previous one, that the bribe was openly taken; and the government which established the bank and betrayed its trust was thought to have done a good act. But, as we have already said, what was wrong under William III. continues to be wrong under Queen Victoria; and yet custom is so powerful, that it reconciles us to the continual sacrifice of the public liberties for the most paltry pecuniary considerations. Nay, we are now even aware that much of the money lent by the bank to the state, for which it receives a high rate of interest, is borrowed on promises to pay from the people, to whom it pays no interest; and thus with their own wealth the bribe is continually paid, for which their liberties are sacrificed.

See the manifold consequences of this state crime, for that is its proper name. The greatest commercial country in existence is to this hour without a reasonable system of banking. In Scotland, the rights of the people were never bartered away for a miserable bribe to a corporation; and that country has had for upwards of a century a safe and a sound system of banking and paper currency. It has been attended by no serious disasters, and has contributed, as is universally admitted, to promote in an almost unexampled degree the prosperity of Scotland. Mr. Doubleday takes no notice of that system and that part of the empire, though it is a full answer to his vituperation of banks and paper money. In England, banks could not be established with more than six partners; and good banking has been sacrificed to the one Bank of England. The trade being subjected to undue restrictions, men of substance declined to engage in it. Private banks, in contrast to the state chartered Bank, were depreciated in public esteem; and banking was accordingly much left in the hands of schemers and adventurers. A comparatively new trade, it was necessary that men should learn by experience, before they could know how it could be safely and accurately carried on. The government seized it, however, almost at its birth, and fastened it from that time to this in the narrow swaddling clothes it then bound around it. Struggle after struggle indeed has torn away some parts of the bank charter. The establishment of joint-stock banks has been permitted; but the original error has exposed banking and bankers to continual restrictive legislation and continually recurring



misfortunes, from which other trades have been exempt. Many remnants of the original wrong still hang about us, and expose banking and bankers to unworthy restrictions and unfavourable opinions, that no man thinks of applying to grocers, booksellers, merchants, or any other class, forming a necessary part of the great system of division of labour. Public opinion, we regret to say, perverted rather than enlightened by modern and interested writers, has gone backward on this point. More than twenty years ago, there were strong hopes that the bank charter would be abolished. The Earl of Liverpool was hostile to renewing the charter, and publicly avowed such an opinion; but since his death it has been twice renewed, and each time with some additional and noxious restrictions.

A worse consequence than those already mentioned is the immense power thus given to the one bank, which necessarily regards the interest of its proprietors more than the business of individuals and the welfare of the country. In the natural course of trade, accumulation and credit would be equally dispersed and distributed over all branches of business and places of traffic, affording equal and due aid to cultivation, manufactures, and barter. The bullion necessary to the stability of paper-money would be equally dispersed by the same rule, and distributed amongst local and private banks, and never could be heaped up in a mass. The bank charter has prevented so beneficial a distribution. In order, as was supposed by Mr. Poulett Thomson, to give greater security to bank-paper, that of the Bank of England was, in 1833, made a legal tender at every place except the bank counter; and thus the gold in the vaults of the bank became answerable for all the paper circulation, so far as it consists of promises to pay on demand, of the empire. No sooner, therefore, is there a little drain on that bullion—no sooner is that heap reduced by one or two millions sterling, which is an utter trifle in the prodigious resources of the empire, than the whole trading community is convulsively alarmed. Does the bank diminish its discount to bring back the vagrant gold, credit is shaken, trade is paralysed, and thousands of persons see ruin suddenly impending over them. Public attention is accordingly fixed on the bank. It has a basilisk power to charm. It is made, as is said, the regulator of the currency; and thus a company of private adventurers is more revered than ever was the sun by Persian worshippers. Daily are all its doings recorded; weekly are official accounts rendered of the business of the bank. Elaborate tables of its issues, of its securities, of its deposits, of its bullion, of its reserve, and its rest, though all mere private business, are continually laid before parliament, and commented on, till every man in the kingdom, whatever may be his own pursuits, and however igno-

rant he may be of other trades, and the most important and saving knowledge, is obliged to make himself familiar with all the mysteries of banking. This little branch of the commerce of this great nation, with its two or three hundred proprietors, and its trumpery ten or fifteen millions of gold, continually occupies the thoughts and pens of our public writers, and the tongues of our statesmen. A large part of Mr. Doubleday's book is devoted to the bank, to which, in common with many other persons, he seems inclined to ascribe all the vicissitudes of the country. There prevails, in fact, a complete idolatry of the paper goddess set up by the government in Threadneedle Street. It possesses a power over our minds and our actions—over our nerves and our prosperity, which we deny to the government. We are still the victims of the usurpations of 1694.

The last act of renewal, the act of 1844, was worse, perhaps, than all its predecessors. It was then fully assumed, that it was the duty of the legislature to regulate the credit currency of the empire; and it arbitrarily fixed the amount. Prior to that act, the issues of the bank might be partially regulated by the wants of commerce, subordinate to the interests of the bank proprietors and the discretion of the bank directors. The issues of country bankers, too, had no other rule than the demands of their customers and their own resources. That act applied to the issue of paper-money, a rigid parliamentary rule which has no relation to the wants of commerce. The parliament did not openly take the issue of bank notes into its own hands, but it prescribed what was tantamount—the quantity to be issued. Pretending to renew the bank charter, it really established a state bank. It surreptitiously took the issue of paper money under its control. Like all shabby and mean modes of carrying out an ambition, more timid and truckling than daring and straightforward, this act has all the disadvantages of cowardice and usurpation united. It establishes a state bank for the profit of a private company. Three years only have passed since the enactment of this law, recommended by the most sagacious of bankers, the most authoritative of our economists, and the most cautious of our statesmen, after, as he said, 'inquiry had been exhausted,' and adopted by parliament with a thorough conviction that it was to put an end to all the difficulties of the currency question; and already, even its advocates and admirers admit it to be a failure.

If in boldly establishing a state bank, the legislature had prescribed the amount of its issues by some debt it had previously contracted and spent, the hocus pocus, worthy of the conjurers of the South Sea bubble, would have been immediately

apparent. As long as the issues of the bank were not regulated by the state, the public securities it possessed were a national guarantee to the holders of its notes, that, in case of its failure, they should only lose their proportionate share as tax-payers; but when the state prescribed the issue of notes on its own debts, there was no second party to give the guarantee, and the whole became a juggle. No private banker, much as his class has been condemned, ever thought of anything so scandalous as to issue notes promising to pay, on demand, a sum equivalent to the mortgage on his property, or the money he owed. That was done, however, by the parliament of England, in the year 1844, by the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, as he gravely stated, to secure the convertibility of the notes. To pay, on demand, the sum of £14,000,000, issued by the bank, at the command of the state, on the debt of the state to the bank, and on public securities, or other public debts, there is not a single penny in the coffers either of the Bank of England or of the Exchequer. So far as that sum is concerned, the act of 1844, to insure the convertibility of bank notes, is a perfect mockery. It reminds one of the Paris roué, who lived on his debts. Sir Robert Peel must be practically a believer in the late Lord Lauderdale's doctrines, that the national debt is national wealth, and so he promises to pay, on demand, £14,000,000, by the debt the state has previously incurred. In spite of such legislation the country may thrive, from the indomitable spirit of individuals struggling to improve their condition. They accommodate themselves as best they can to such contemptible legislation, and so ward off the ruin it is calculated to bring on all. Sir Robert Peel is a great man, as all other politicians are great men, by denying the capability of the masses to take care of themselves, and by performing that task for them. Far from his assumption being the truth, however, the masses not only take care of themselves, but so manage as to take care of Sir Robert Peel, and prevent him from ruining both his character and his country. If trade did not accommodate itself to his erroneous enactments, the mischief they would cause would soon put an end to his power and the power of all his class.

The act of 1844 has not even answered the proposed purpose of its author. It was to have made the amount of bank notes in circulation vary exactly as the amount of gold varied in the coffers of the bank—rising, as it rose, and falling, as it fell. The following brief abstract of the returns, which we quote from a paper read before the statistical society by Mr. Dansen, on January 18th, will show the failure of the act on this point.



‘For example: in the third weekly return made under the act (21st September, 1844) the bullion is stated at 15.1,\* the circulation at 20.6. Five weeks afterwards, we find the bullion has fallen to 14.0, while the circulation has risen to 22.3. Thus, while bullion to the amount of £1,100,000 runs out, the note circulation is not reduced, but increased, by £1,700,000.

‘Thenceforward, to the close of the year, the bullion rises slowly to 14.8, while the circulation falls more rapidly to 20.1.

‘At the opening of 1845, the bullion is 14.8, and the circulation 20.6. At the end of the first three months (29th of March), the bullion has risen to 16.2, and the circulation is very nearly where it was, being 20.7.

‘Again; we find that on the 14th of June, 1845, the bullion is at 16.6, being the highest amount it reached during the two years, and the circulation, 21.6, that the bullion thenceforward falls gradually, till the 29th of October, when its amount is reduced to 14.0, and that during the same period, the circulation rises from 21.6 to 23.3. This happens to be the highest amount the circulation reached during the two years; and it is remarkable that it was attained at a time when the bullion had been falling continuously for more than four months. While the bullion sank 2.5, the circulation rose 2.1.

Mr. Dansen examined the subject only to the end of the year; but since then, the variation in the notes have no more followed the bullion than before. At the beginning of the year, according to the tables in the *Economist*, the circulation was as 20.9, and the bullion as 14.9. The circulation increased, and the bullion decreased through the month; and on January 30, the former was as 21.4, and the latter as 12.9. The circulation had increased £478,482, and the bullion had decreased £2,049,914. Through February and March, the circulation and bullion both declined; the former being, at the end of February, as 20.1, and the latter as 12.0. Towards the end of March, the circulation began to increase, without any increase of bullion; and on the 27th, was as 20.2, while the bullion was as 11.0. The circulation continued for some time to increase, though the bullion departed; and was, on April 10th, as 21.3, bullion as 9.8; on April 17th, circulation as 21.1, bullion as 9.3. Since then, the circulation has decreased, and the bullion increased; so that, on June 5th, the former had fallen to 19.1, and the latter had risen to 10.2. There is neither any constant relation between the circulation and the bullion in the bank coffers, nor do they vary in any settled relation to each other. A great injury is done the public by the restriction imposed by the

\* ‘For the sake of additional clearness, five figures on the left hand of each sum are omitted throughout, leaving the millions to stand as whole numbers, and the next figure on the right hand as a decimal fraction.’

legislature, and the advantage it expected from the law—if it be an advantage, though it seems to us a disadvantage, that credit money should vary, not with future production, but accumulated capital—is not obtained.

The bank is authorized to issue £14,000,000, without reference to its bullion. With that sum it repays deposits, discounts bills, and performs all the operations of banking. It has only from £6,000,000 to £7,000,000 notes in circulation, on which it and the public operate to affect the bullion. How it came to be supposed that the whole £20,000,000 or £21,000,000 of notes would vary exclusively as the bullion, we cannot comprehend. If the notes were issued solely on the bullion, and all the operations of the bank and the public were based on that, the effect might arise; but, to suppose that the notes issued, both on securities and bullion, both being operated on by the varying demands of trade, should vary only as the bullion varies, seems to us like expecting that  $14 \times 6$  should sometimes = 20, and sometimes = 22. The theory, that paper money would and ought to vary as metallic money, in quantity, involves a fallacy. The substitution of paper for gold, implies the application of the passive capital, vested in the gold, to the active purposes of production, and an increase of business requiring an increase of money. To prohibit the increase in the quantity of money, under such circumstances, is to cause a rise in its value. But it is the value which the legislator desires to keep steady, and he only limits the quantity of notes to secure that end. Thus, by limiting the quantity, while he permits or promotes an increase of business, he causes that variation in value which he proposes to avoid. As we see that in practice, the quantity of notes is not limited by his arbitrary rule, the beneficial effect he aims at is actually brought about by disregarding his law.

We shall not dwell on the silliness of attempting to regulate the credit money of the country, by the movement of the precious metals to balance the trade of the merchants at Liverpool with those at New York. The whole of our foreign trade is but a small part of the business of the empire; and the parliament might as well regulate the consumption of sugar in every family, as the amount of credit-money by the balances of foreign trade. The great wrong done by the Bank Charter Act of 1844, not to be disguised by the number of pretexts assigned for passing the law, was the continuing of the privileges of the Bank of England. They are privations on all the rest of her Majesty's subjects. Sir Robert Peel, at the same time, increased the previous wrong by then limiting the issues of private bankers, and the number of banks. To induce the existing bankers to submit to the limitation of their issues, he prohibited the establishment

of any new banks of issue without the sanction of the government. He protected those he restrained against increase of competition. Like the guilds and the sovereigns of Germany, he fixed by law the number of a particular class of tradesmen. The beguiled public had passively placed the case of its interest in the hands of the country bankers, who bartered it for their own presumed advantage. In 1844, precisely as in 1694, the government sacrificed the liberties it was bound to guard; but, in 1844, it sacrificed them to the crotchet of regulating the issues of credit-money by private bankers. The old practice of disposing of the general freedom for a consideration, which excited so much hostility under the Tudors and the Stuarts, is continued by the reformed parliament. We are still bought and sold, and, unhappily, are no longer sensible of the degradation.

Mr. Doubleday also impugns the act of 1819: he ought, we think, with his views, to have approved of the return to cash payments, and even to an exclusively metallic currency. So far as the act of 1819 compels the Bank of England to pay its notes in cash when presented for payment, we approve of it. How far it was right in parliament to compel all debtors to pay their debts contracted when gold was £4 10s. or £5 per ounce, by the standard of gold at £3 17s. 10d. per ounce, we shall not at present say. But we must observe, that between fixing a standard price for gold, which we regard to be foolishness, and holding every man bound to pay on demand the sums he promises to pay, there is no natural connexion whatever, though both may be united in the same act of parliament. The latter is common honesty, and the principle of all law is to enforce the fulfilment of every such contract. Convertibility, as the guarantee of value, cannot be dispensed with; nor would individuals have ever sought to be released from the obligation, or to have in the community an inconvertible paper money, had not government set the example, which was accompanied by prosperity from other causes, of releasing the Bank of England from the duty of paying its notes on demand. Retaining a law to hold every issuer of a bank-note to the fulfilment of his promise, we are not aware of any other regulation necessary for paper-money. Being altogether the instrument of commerce, regulated by the natural laws which call it into being, the legislature should leave it entirely free. It seems quite impossible that evils of equal magnitude can be imagined as likely to result from removing all restrictions, to those which have been caused by legislation attempting to regulate the issues.

One point more we must advert to. Several writers, and most of our political leaders, lay great stress on preserving the standard.



So far as they mean that the value of the precious metals in the market, and their quantity in circulation, shall in no case be interfered or tampered with by baneful legislation, we quite agree with them. That principle cannot be held too sacred, nor be too strongly enforced. The value of the precious metals is determined, like the value of sirloins of beef, by the higgling of the market; and there is no reason why the legislature should fix the price of one more than the other. So far, however, as they mean that the price of the precious metals should be fixed by parliament—that one of them selected as the unit, should not vary in price, we dissent from their doctrines. To fix the price of gold without the power to regulate its quantity, and make it vary precisely as the quantity of business varies, is really to alter the value of gold—is really to make the standard change; the very thing which the legislature, by fixing its price in so much silver, seeks to avoid. There is not, and cannot be any other standard of value than labour. Every tyro knows that the value of the gold itself depends at all times on the relative quantities of labour necessary to produce that and the things it is exchanged for. The discovery of new mines, the invention of new methods to extract and refine the metal, the progress of arts producing different commodities by a diminution in the quantities of labour—all continually affect the value of gold, and all other things; and unless legislation can fix and regulate them, it cannot settle any standard of value; and it is as absurd to fix the price for an ounce of gold at 77*s.* and a fraction in silver, as to declare that the price of the four-pound loaf shall be always sixpence. In fact, fixing the standard by legislation is Jack-Cadism carried into practice. The value of gold, like that of all other things, is and at all times must be settled by the supply and the demand. This, too, is an admirable reason, in addition to many others, why the old plan of dividing the precious metals into aliquot parts by weight, without fixing the relation of one to the other by law, should be returned to; and why governments, saying nothing about the price of the metals, should coin them into ounces, half-ounces, quarter-ounces, and so on; certifying their purity, and why bankers should promise to pay so many ounces or pounds of metal instead of so many pieces of coin. Let it be remarked, too, that the test of the precious metals in different countries, and in the last resort even at the bank-counter, is not the queen's mark, but their respective weights. An ounce of fine gold or silver so alloyed as to give it the greatest durability, the proportions being strictly determined by chemical laws, is of a known value all over the world; and can become, if it be not, the universal money of com-

merce. Of the currency, then, of every country, weight should be the regulating principle; and the value of the metals must be left, as nature leaves it, to be settled by the market.

We are induced to think that the constitution of the legislature has a great deal to do with its professed anxiety to establish and maintain a fixed standard of value. It is composed generally of those who live on rent, salaries, annuities, or on some kind or other of incomes which are fixed in amount. One great object of almost all men is to secure such an income, and have it as large as possible. Our legislators, including the hierarchy and all office-holders, having attained their object, being certain of receiving so many hundred or thousand pounds a year, they are also naturally anxious that their incomes should always buy them at least equal quantities of bread and cloth. Their great object in having a fixed income is to be secured against the vicissitudes of life; but that is not attained, unless the value of the income as well as its amount be fixed. Hence, amongst the classes chiefly composing the legislature, there is a nervous sensitiveness about preserving a fixed standard of value; which the merchant, trading to different countries—the farmer, whose income is obviously more dependent on the seasons than on gold and silver—the manufacturer, who is made to share all the vicissitudes of the farmer—and, in short, all the industrious classes whose income evidently depend on their produce, do not feel. It is likely that this sensitiveness was much increased about the time of passing the act of 1819, by the previous depreciation of the standard, and the great increase which accompanied it, without perhaps being connected with it, of the wealth of merchants and manufacturers; the two circumstances tending to reduce the value of fixed incomes, and give a superiority of wealth to those engaged in trade. A man who does wrong is always suspicious of others; and the legislature, having done wrong by exonerating the Bank of England in 1797 from fulfilling its contracts, which was felt by the owners of fixed incomes in raised prices, it naturally became apprehensive of future changes; and, therefore, without knowing exactly how to accomplish it, the legislature tried to fix the standard of value, and raised the public against those who, like Lord Ashburton and the Birmingham Gemini, advocated a change. What the holders of fixed incomes want, security against all vicissitudes, is a palpable impossibility. The seasons vary, and so must the prosperity of men; and from this common lot the possessor of fixed incomes cannot be exempted. From much suffering they try to secure themselves by obtaining incomes with a great margin for contingencies; but all men cannot have such incomes, and by their greedy striving they injure each other. Invariableness in value



and uniformity of amount will be approximated to in proportion as the whole of human affairs are governed by the invariable laws of nature, and uninterrupted and unimpeded by such enactments as that which fixes the price of an ounce of gold at one invariable quantity of silver. It is in our view not one of the least advantages of replacing society under these invariable laws, by carrying out the principles of free-trade, that the value of fixed incomes will be less variable; one element of insecurity will be lessened; people will care less for the large margin, and unjust grasping will diminish and decay. We must remind the holders of fixed incomes, too, in order to encourage them to cast aside their prejudices and fears about the standard of value, that their prosperity depends on those whose incomes vary with production; and that, whatever promotes the prosperity of these, like a simple and cheap system of currency, must in the end promote the prosperity of all who live on fixed incomes.

We shall only further refer to Mr. Doubleday's observations on national debts for the purpose of illustrating another important principle. Mr. Doubleday says, founding his conclusions on certain dicta of some civilians:—

'These being the acknowledged dictates of Civil Law, and of the sense of mankind upon these subjects, they were, as might be expected, adhered to and acted upon by governments, through all ages of the world, that we know anything of.

'We, indeed, read in history of occasional 'borrowings,' and of occasional 'debts;' but though public in name, they were private in fact. For instance, it has been no uncommon thing for monarchs to borrow money of private wealthy individuals, and apply such money to the furtherance of their schemes of ambition or aggrandisement. But then, this was as private individuals borrow, and upon security of estates belonging to the crown, and mortgaged to the lender. In this way the famous Flemish family of Fugger, who made enormous riches, during the great rise of prices in Europe, by linen-weaving at Antwerp, lent large sums, both to the Emperor Charles V., and Maximilian, his predecessor. In this way, also, the crown estates, and even the crown jewels of England have been frequently pledged and put in pawn by needy and extravagant princes. In this fashion, the corporation and citizens of London, more than once, lent large sums to the Long Parliament, upon security of the forfeited estates, and in anticipation of taxes already voted. Still, all these were private transactions, in which the people were not implicated. It has also frequently happened, both in England and elsewhere, that particular services have been 'in arrear;' that is to say, that the funds, applicable to these services have fallen short of the real expenditure needed or permitted; and hence individuals have become creditors of the Government, for such arrears owing on account of services performed, and have been compelled to take treasury notes



and bonds for balances due to them. Still, however, this was altogether an affair betwixt these individuals and the government for the time being; neither parliament nor people being held to be legally implicated in the matter; and parliament has frequently refused to entertain any question as to these arrears, some of which are unpaid to this hour, and perhaps properly so.\* Up to times of comparatively modern and recent date, therefore, the idea of any persons, in a real national exigence, when perhaps national existence was at stake, offering to 'lend' money TO THEIR COUNTRY 'at interest,' was deemed just as absurd as would be a *child* offering to *lend* its pocket-money to its *father* 'at interest,' when both were in danger of wanting a dinner! It was reserved for what is strangely termed 'an enlightened era,' to hatch this monstrous absurdity, which, until it was put into practice, would not have been deemed wicked, but silly. Strange turn for matters to take at 'an enlightened era;' and stranger still, that such a notion should first strike root in the skull of a countryman of 'Grotius;' but so it was. It was in the muddy and huckstering brain of a Dutchman, somewhere about the middle of the seventeenth century, that this pestilent scheme was engendered; and in the huckstering country of Holland was first presented to the eyes of the world, the spectacle of a 'National Debt.' The 'Lernæn Fens' engendered the 'Hydra;' and amidst the swamps of the 'Zuyder Zee' was generated this far worse than the fabled monster of the poets! After all, however, the soil is sufficiently worthy of the tree. The Dutch, though they have produced one or two great men, are a nation remarkable for low, peddling, greedy, and huckstering notions.—pp. 42—44.

The novelty very distinctly marked in this paragraph, of states borrowing and of subjects lending, which the author sneers at, appears to us a striking proof of a beneficial change in the conduct and character of governments. They were accustomed to seize rather than to respect the property of their subjects. They took money; they took ships; they took horses; they took provisions; they took even the people themselves, when they required their services. One of these old customs still remains amongst us, to vouch for their general character. At least, though now suspended by circumstances, it has never been formally abrogated; and, though it be the reproach and scandal of England, we every now and then, when the political horizon lowers, hear whispers of reviving impressment. From the period of the great revolution, which grew out of resistance to the government attempting to appropriate of its own free will the pro-

\* 'The Old French debt was of this sort; and was contracted mainly by Louis XIV., to carry on his endless wars. Louis was (to use his own words) 'himself the state; and all that the people had to do with it, was to pay such taxes as the *Grand Monarque* thought fit to impose.'

perty of the people under the name of ship-money, our government, and all the governments of Europe, have learned gradually to respect the property of their subjects. They have refrained from seizing it, as in the olden times; and when they wanted it, have borrowed it at a heavy usance, like other spendthrifts. Our government, however, still claims the right of seizing the seamen when it requires their services; a specimen of the principles and practices on which borrowing money is an improvement. Government formerly borrowed, too, as well as seized, by corrupting metallic money, and with a determination not to repay. Though borrowing by the state is an indefensible practice—though there can be no justification of a present squandering only to be provided for by pledging future industry—it is righteousness itself compared to the habitual and avowed plunder it superseded. Mr. Doubleday, being a man of strong will, prefers the old fashion, and admires more than we do the iron-handed and iron-hearted rulers of the feudal and still remoter ages.

It is worth notice, as an explanation of erroneous views entertained by Mr. Doubleday, in common with many other persons, that the ancient practices of sovereigns, including their practice of seizing the persons and property of their subjects, have been generalized into rules by civilians, and described by them as the laws of nations. Sometimes they have attempted to draw them from principles of morality; but, in general, the laws of nations, as now written, are little or nothing more than the practices of sovereigns generalized and laid down as rules. Thus, Puffendorf says, framing the dictum on ancient practices and theories (we use Mr. Doubleday's translation), 'The first law of nature is this, that the social state is to be guarded and preserved to the uttermost by and for every man.' That is plainly a law of political society, but not a law of nature, which leaves the great multitude of mankind very ignorant and very careless of every thing that concerns the social state. At the same time, nature implants in them an instinct of self-preservation at variance with Puffendorf's natural law. 'Nothing shall be preferred,' it is further said, 'by a good citizen before the safety and integrity of the state; and he shall freely and at all times offer his life, his means, and his fortune, to preserve the state's safety and integrity.' Now, that is a very convenient doctrine for rulers. It is impressed as a duty on our seamen, and on the tax-payers, by a flippant chancellor of the exchequer, when, with the utmost nonchalance, he misapplies millions of the people's property; but it is an extremely inconvenient doctrine for the people, and one which they cannot acquiesce in without becoming slaves, like the seamen; and without seeing their industry pledged, as at present, to

burdens more than it can bear. Again, Puffendorf says:—'In a pressing necessity of the common weal (of which such persons as Lord Palmerston and Sir. Charles Wood are the judges), the goods of any subject which are absolutely required at the time, may be taken and applied to the public service, though the value should far exceed the ordinary quota which he is called on to contribute.' In other words, Lord Palmerston and Sir. C. Wood, Mr. Macaulay, and Lord John Russell, choosing to perpetrate a most gross outrage on the bulk of the Portuguese nation, may take any portion of the tax-payers' property which they think fit, to pay the expense of their unjust proceeding. On these maxims of the civilians, a fair representation of the abominable practices of governments in the olden times, Mr. Doubleday reprobates the modern practice of governments borrowing and subjects lending. We are as hostile to national debts as Mr. Doubleday, but if nothing more stringent could be said against them than that they are based on a wide departure from these maxims of Puffendorf, nations might pray for their continuance and extension.

We must not allow such doctrines to circulate unchecked. Mr. Doubleday is a type of a numerous class whose respect for antiquity is carried too far. Not merely do they recognize the honesty, the sincerity, the valour, the firm and undoubting faith of the ancients, but they find in their conduct the maxims that should guide modern states. Admitting all the other high qualities of the ancient rulers of mankind, we cannot agree in ascribing to them sufficient knowledge of the ever-growing science of society—for society is itself ever growing—to suggest rules for our present guidance. The doctrines of unlimited power in the state, and of unbounded submissiveness in the people, quoted by Mr. Doubleday, and contrasted with one of the worst features of modern policy, to recommend a return to the practices of antiquity, are the creed of a large, an active, and an influential party in the state. They are directly opposed to experience. Rarely or never have subjects obtained even forbearance from oppression of their rulers, but by making them, as Mr. Bentham said, uneasy. There is, and there has long been, too great a disposition in subjects to yield much too passively and submissively to the exactions of the state, and a corresponding disposition on those who are called the state to take advantage of the submissiveness of the people. The present generation is remarkable for that; and, therefore, has to bear not only the burdens which the state in past times placed on productive industry, but the additional burdens which it is now placing on its industry, and which will weigh heavily on the industry of future generations. Though the nation is at peace, and loaded



with debts contracted to carry on former wars, it now willingly submits to a large increase of the debt. One generation inherits the habits and the burdens, the vices and the virtues, of its predecessors; and our complaints of the burdens imposed on us by past generations teach us, how impressive is the duty on us to resist the imposition of additional burdens on ourselves and future generations. These facts are directly at variance with the maxim that subjects are to allow their goods to be taken at any time the state finds or fancies the taking to be necessary. An individual can perhaps tell what is good for himself, but to know what will be good for the state is difficult in proportion to the increase of the population, of which Mr. Doubleday takes no notice. The welfare of the small republics of antiquity might be scanned, and individuals reasonably believe that the sacrifice of their lives or properties might be of benefit to the whole. Each state now embraces many millions of people, and their welfare is closely interwoven by commerce with many other millions. How these mighty masses can be benefitted by the sacrifice of individuals, no man knows; nor is any one called on to benefit them by sacrificing life and fortune. Puffendorf's maxims, quoted by Mr. Doubleday, are therefore not applicable to the present condition of society. National debts are to be condemned by their own inherent qualities. They have grown out of unjust wars, profligately carried on. They crush the people; and it is the duty of the living generation to themselves and to posterity rather to resist the demands of the state for such purposes, than hasten at its call to sacrifice life and fortune.

The vast increase of our national debt, from £257,213,000, according to Mr. Doubleday, in 1792, to £944,152,000, in 1815, or an average of nearly £30,000,000 per annum, throws some light on the question of capital employed on railways; a subject of general interest, to which we adverted in our May number. It is well known that, in conjunction with that continual expenditure on war, the increase of the debt alone amounting to upwards of £680,000,000, the capital of the country rapidly increased. But if that vast sum had all been abstracted from it, instead of being increased, it would have been annihilated. The explanation we gave in our May number of the mode in which capital employed on railways replaces a vast number of other capitals, shows how such a vast sum could be expended in conjunction with a rapid increase of capital. What was really wasted on the war, was the labour of sailors and soldiers, shipwrights and cannon-founders, the labour of powder-makers, slop-makers, army accoutrement makers, and the labour of all persons employed in supplying materials or provisions for carrying on the war. All the capitals employed in setting all the labourers to work in

manufacturing or producing these articles, were continually replaced with a profit by the war expenditure, including the loans. The commencement and the continuance of the war were coincident with a rapid extension of our manufactures and our agriculture. Profit was high; and thus, instead of the vast expenditure of the government annihilating the national capital, it was increased with the expenditure. No doubt it would have increased much faster, had that vast quantity of labour not been directed to destructive purposes; but we over-estimate the cost of the war to the community when we put it down at the whole sum expended. A large part of that went to replace productive capital, and large bodies of men were enriched by the public expenditure.

So it is with the expenditure on railways. None of that, however, is destructively wasted like the expenditure on war. It is applied to facilitate labour and in the end promote production. Since the middle of the war, say 1803, the population and wealth of the empire have increased more than one half, and thus the £29,800,000 borrowed and expended, on an average, during the war, in comparison to our present resources, will be equivalent to about £48,000,000, or £50,000,000. It is perfectly ridiculous, therefore, to say with some screaming orators and writers of the day, that the country cannot now bear the expenditure of thirty, or forty, or even one hundred millions a-year for making railroads, if the undertakings be judicious. Those who want to apply the national resources in some other way, such as draining land, building and pulling ships to pieces, putting down liberty abroad, and enthralling it by commissioners and inspectors at home, may find the application of large sums to making railroads inconvenient, but the public will be much benefitted by an expenditure, useful in itself, and doubly valuable if it put a curb on official extravagance.

We cannot enter further into any of the interesting topics contained in Mr. Doubleday's book. Though we differ from him in the points we have mentioned, we recognize in him a fearless writer. He treats of subjects yet very imperfectly known, and on which there are many contradictory opinions. If we cannot concede to him the merit of being a correct thinker, we must at least say, that he is an honest one. He takes, on the whole, a darker view of the picture than we take, and predicts convulsion as inevitable. We know that many things are wrong, but our hope is that our people, with one exception, the most politically enlightened on the globe, cannot fail quietly to remedy the evils which public discussion will make manifest. There is in truth, at present, a somewhat fiery impatience for political improvement. There is a vehement

demand for what are called practical measures, but when it is recollected that all the laws we are now suffering under were recommended and passed not long ago as practical measures, we may doubt the wisdom of the demand. It is a very common thing too for public writers to yield to the demand, and deride those who confine themselves to an exposition of abstract truth as impracticable. They join the vulgar, they even lead the mob, in proposing and recommending practical measures. What they generally mean, are measures which meet the concurrence of the majority in both houses of parliament, and may be passed into laws; whether they will do as much mischief as the laws these writers wish to get rid of they are necessarily ignorant. We cannot agree with them, and think that it is now of much greater importance to elucidate principles, to establish truth, than to pass very practical, but probably very absurd, measures.

It is not the duty of public writers to be legislators. There is so much trashy admiration of tricky expediency amongst public men, they are so ready to sacrifice a principle to obtain concurrence and support, so willing to make any kind of concession to get over a slight difficulty, that public writers should carefully avoid following trimming statesmen in their advocacy of temporary expediency. They may not, immediately, gain much influence, but by no other means can they help to enlighten and reform public opinion. It is especially disreputable to them that the public and the legislature are, to this day, without any steady guide in making laws, and that men change their opinions on the most important earthly concerns as they change the fashions of their dress. At one time protection is in the ascendant, at another free trade; and it is by no means uncommon to find the same men advocating free trade for one commodity, or one class of persons, and restrictions for another. At one time we have our legislators professing a respect for the voluntary system, and at another laying it down as a principle, that they must bribe all religious bodies to be subservient to the state. Session after session, and even in the same session, the practical legislator wanders from principle to principle, till at length his labours become perpetual contradictions.

Our legislation, in fact, is a perfect chaos, and the legislator much less resembles the skilful navigator of a well-managed ship, who knows exactly the situation of the port to which he is bound, and takes advantage of every change of the wind and set of the tide to approach his destination, than a poor helpless wretch tossed adrift on the ocean without compass or rudder, without sail or oar, and alike incapable of either impelling or guiding his boat, and ignorant of the bearings and distance of



the port he must reach to be rescued from destruction. From this hapless lot public writers must save the nation. They must ascertain the port to which society is ordered to proceed, and the course it must take. They must, by well established principles, find a compass to steer by, and then the practical statesman, though occasionally baffled by opposing gales, and driven out of his course by contrary currents, may take advantage of every favourable breeze to turn the head of the state towards the desired haven. On this reasoning we have thought it our duty to expose the error of relying on old practices as safe guides ; and to enforce on one subject, the CURRENCY, obedience to those eternal principles of justice, of right and wrong, which ever have, and ever will, in the long run predominate over society, and are otherwise called the laws of nature. By what steps existing legislation is to be brought into harmony with them when once they are as clearly established in every branch of society, as we think they are in commerce and currency, it is the great duty of the prudent legislator to decide. Whether he should begin by abolishing all restrictions as to local or country banks, except those imposed by the bank charter, or whether he should begin by rescinding that, or whether both should be done at once ; or whether he should first forego all attempts to maintain an undeviating standard of value by fixing the price of gold or silver, it is for him to decide. To remove all legislative restrictions whatever on the issue of paper or credit money is the thing to be done. There must be perfectly free trade in money as well as in food. Whatever repugnance the legislator may feel to release this large branch of society from his grasp, however he may try to wriggle away from this necessity, cunningly as he may propose to conceal his defeat, by modification after modification of his darling plans, to this he must come. He must set the business of banking, including the issue of bank notes, free from legislative control.

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ART. II.—*The Records of a Church of Christ, meeting in Broadmead, Bristol, 1640—1687. Edited for the Hanserd Knollys Society, with an Historical Introduction. By Edward Bean Underhill. London: Printed for the Society.*

WE have seldom read a more interesting or valuable volume than this, and its selection does great credit to the Council of the Hanserd Knollys Society.\* It is a 'singularly interesting and unique picture of the formation, growth, and persecutions of the church of Christ,' meeting in Broadmead, Bristol, for which we are indebted to one of its ruling elders, Mr. Edward Terrill. Possessed of considerable property, he generously employed it for the good of others, and was specially interested in whatever pertained to the religious society of which he was a member. He was principally concerned in the direction of its affairs during several years, and as these formed part of the reign of Charles II., we need not say that they constituted to the Nonconformists of Bristol a season of perplexity and persecution. Mr. Terrill was in the habit of noting down all the material circumstances which occurred in the history of the Broadmead church; and as he was an eye-witness, and wrote at the moment, his record is one of the most valuable contributions to Nonconformist history which have been made for years. It is at once truthful and graphic, sufficiently minute to fill up the outline of general history, and to give definiteness and individuality to our conception of the sufferings of our forefathers, and to the temper of the men by whom they were persecuted. The spirit of state-churchism has been the same in every age. Whenever it has had the opportunity, it has shown itself intolerant and cruel, the enemy of righteousness and truth, regardless of the sanctity of conscience, and reckless of the liberty and life of its victims. At one time it has dealt in public executions, glorying in its auto-da-fe in Spain, and in the fires of Smith-

\* We are mortified to receive from the secretary of the Wycliffe Society an official notice of its dissolution, and cannot account for the fact on any hypothesis creditable to the committee by which the affairs of the society have been managed. We are quite sure that such an enterprise, had it been conducted with anything like ordinary judgment and zeal, would have commanded support: and cannot, therefore, but deeply regret the failure which is announced. We are the more concerned on this point as we deem it of the highest importance just now that the publications contemplated by the society should be issued; and we fear this will be prevented by the blunders which have been committed. Let the Hanserd Knollys Society take warning by the fate of its contemporary.

field, in England. At another time, it has crowded our jails with its victims, confiscating their goods, and banishing their persons to foreign climes. This has been the case under all its various forms. Whether catholic or protestant, whether episcopal, presbyterian, or congregational, it has been alike usurping and relentless, knowing no mercy, and observing no bounds. Its only restraint has been the state of public feeling. To this it has been compelled, though reluctantly, to bow ; and hence solely has arisen the difference in its procedure at different periods.

In our own country it has wrought more physical suffering in protestant than in catholic times. The history of our prisons, could it be disclosed, would fully bear out this statement. Hundreds have pined away and died within their walls for conscience sake, while protestant bishops have rioted in luxury, and impiously invoked the sanction of the Most High. A vastly greater number have perished, the victims of protestant persecution, than fell beneath the bigotry of Gardiner and Bonner. If any of our readers doubt this statement, let them attentively read the reigns of Elizabeth, or those of the four Stuarts. It was against the manhood of England that these monarchs and their advisers set themselves, and under each of them, the state-priests were foremost in kindling the fires of persecution. The spirit of monopoly is the same everywhere and at all times, but its worst embodiment is the religious. It unites, in such case, the selfishness and meanness of its more avowedly secular manifestations, with the bitterness of the polemic, and the tenacity of a supposed religious principle. The firmness with which it is met, serves to provoke yet further aggression ; the reproach it awakens increases its acerbity, and even the calm endurance of its victims, stimulates its passions, by the transfer of their appeal to honour.

We are sometimes told, that these are the evils of a by gone age, that men have outlived these practices, that a new era has dawned, and that, from the highest to the lowest, within the hierarchy and without it, amongst the clergy as well as the laity, the rights of conscience are now respected, and perfect religious liberty is conceded to all. We are no believers in such statements. Facts are stubborn things, and their evidence is conclusive. The form of persecution has unquestionably changed ; but, while any are compelled to pay for the support of religious ministrations, whether approved or not, persecution itself remains, and, if permitted, would show itself in other and more threatening shapes. Instead, therefore, of avoiding a recurrence to the past, as that which charity and the improved order of things commend ; we counsel our readers



to acquaint themselves with its history, as the best preservative against a repetition of such misdeeds. The volume before us is important in this respect, and we hasten to introduce our readers to its contents.

Of the 'Historical Introduction,' supplied by the editor, Mr. Underhill, we need only remark, that it contains an interesting sketch of the rise of the Puritans, the Brownists, the Baptists, and the Independents; and sets completely at rest the question recently mooted between Dr. Price and Mr. Hanbury, concerning the claim of the last two to be regarded as the earliest expounders of the doctrine of religious liberty. There is a glorious rivalry in this case, which is free from the meanness of denominational strife, and we have reason to know, that the esteemed author of the 'Memorials of the Independents' yields to the conclusiveness of the evidence which Mr. Underhill has produced. We should have been glad if some parts of the 'Introduction' had been condensed, and if a severer style had been maintained. These, however, are trifling blemishes, and may easily be corrected in a future edition.

We pass over the brief record which is made of events prior to 1660, in which, however, are many interesting illustrations of the state of religious opinion, from the meeting of the long parliament, in 1640, and of the various forms which that opinion assumed in an age of intense excitement and of partial illumination. Charles II. returned from exile in May, 1660; and the demon of persecution was speedily loosed against the professors of a now unpopular and proscribed faith. We are aware of the imperfect views, respecting religious liberty, which had prevailed amongst many of the sectaries during the commonwealth and the protectorate, nor would we represent those times as free from persecution. Cromwell's principles were thoroughly tolerant, and led him to disregard religious opinions in the distribution of civil trusts. But he had two great difficulties to contend against; one, the ignorance and illiberality of some of his partizans; and another, the political treason perpetually plotted by the episcopalians and papists. The former, frequently compelled his acquiescence in measures that he disapproved; while the latter induced a prohibition of religious assemblies and rites which would otherwise have been unnoticed, and thus coerced some tender consciences which were purely religious in their views. The case was vastly different at the Restoration. Intolerance was then seated on the high places, its impious dogmas were coolly and systematically propounded, and the people against whom its maledictions were directed, were amongst the most peaceable and

religious of mankind. In confirmation of this, we need only look at the narrative which these 'Records' supply. Mr. Ewins, an ejected minister, was, at the time, pastor of the Broadmead church, and he was speedily (January, 1661) forbidden to preach, as he had been accustomed to do, in his own house. With this injunction he complied; but, on the 27th of the following July, he was arrested at the chapel in Broadmead, and was retained a prisoner until the 12th of the next month. The machinery of persecution, however, was not yet fully prepared. There were circumstances which induced Lord Clarendon and the bishops to proceed cautiously for a time. At length, in 1663, Sir John Knight, the mayor, on the 3rd of October, sent for Mr. Ewins, and commanded him not to preach. 'But Mr. Ewins told him, he must discharge his duty toward the Lord, and, therefore, in that thing he durst not obey him, but the Lord; and accordingly, the next day preached as formerly, at the Friars.' The pastor, and several of his people were, in consequence, arrested; and, being indicted for a riot, were fined in sums varying from £50 to £5, and in default of payment, were imprisoned for some months. Mr. Ewins's incarceration continued until the 26th of September, 1664, and his health was permanently injured by it. The following sentence is illustrative of the zealous earnestness with which the nonconformist ministers discharged their duty, and of the sacrifice at which they did it.

'Which long and tedious imprisonment so decayed our pastor, and his straining his voice in prison to preach, which he would every Lord's day, that the people that gathered together under the prison walls might hear, he being about four pair of stairs high from them, that when he came out of prison, after the first sermon he preached abroad, he fainted away, and declined continually, [so] that it hastened his days.'—p. 76.

The local magistrates kept pace with the intolerant policy of parliament, and zealously enforced its statutes. A brief interval of repose was afforded, in 1666, by the appearance of the plague, 'by which means,' says Mr. Terrill, 'the Lord ordained us much peace, that many this year were added to the church.' The fire of London speedily followed, and was succeeded by another calm, so that for about four years the nonconformists of Bristol were exempted from serious molestation. The Conventicle Act, however, was revived with more stringent enactments in April, 1670, and was enforced throughout the kingdom. Mr. Ewins was at this time deceased, having fallen a victim to his frequent imprisonments. The church, consequently, was without a pastor, but its members continued

faithful to their profession, as will be seen from the following record. The writer, it must be remembered, uses the old style.

‘The first Lord’s day after said tenth of third month, (May 10, 1670) the informers from the bishop (that was then one Ironsides\*) came upon us; and because we did not know which way they would begin upon us, we shut our public meeting-house door when we understood they were coming. Then they fetched constables, and broke open the door, came in, and took our names, for which some of us were brought before the magistrates and convicted. Then, against the next Lord’s day, we broke a wall, up on high, for a window, and put the speaker in the next house to stand and preach, whereby we heard him as well as if in the room with us. The bishop’s informers come in again, take our names, for which we were again brought before the mayor, and convicted. So they did the third Lord’s day. And the fourth Lord’s day, the mayor himself, with his officers and some aldermen, came upon us, and turned us out; but seeing they could not make us refrain our meeting, they raised the train bands every last day of the week, in the evening, one band to keep us out of our places, and nailed up our doors, and put locks upon them; so they kept us by force and power, that we were fain to meet in the lanes and highways for several months.

‘Then brother Terrill having moved his habitation from Corn Street, to his garden house, near Lawford’s Gate, we had the benefit of being at his house until we had obtained the mercy to have another pastor; and the Lord so ordered it, that Alderman John Knight, of the Sugar-house, being mayor, he did wink at our thus meeting, and was not ready to receive every information; whereby the Lord gave us some rest there, until the sixth month, 1671.’—pp. 105, 106.

Mr. Hardcastle was subsequently elected to the pastorate, and showed himself worthy of the honour. A new bishop also had been appointed to the see of Bristol, who regarded the suppression of conventicles as his special vocation; and one Ralph Ollive, a vintner, ‘a man given to much wine,’ being mayor, the work of persecution was revived with great violence. Their chief instrument was John Hellier, an attorney, who, with the bishops’ emissaries, sought diligently occasion against the separatists; but the recent proclamation of the king, granting ‘liberty to all the dissenters in the nation to enjoy their meetings quiet,’ afforded them, for a time, the means of resisting

\* ‘Gilbert Ironsides the elder, was appointed to the see of Bristol in Dec. 1660, and died in 1671, aged eighty-three. The archbishop of Canterbury, Gilbert Sheldon, by a circular letter, dated May 7, 1670, strongly urged upon all his diocesans the execution of the conventicle act. ‘It becomes us,’ said he, ‘to endeavour, as much as in us lies, the promoting of so blessed a work, . . . by God’s help, and the assistance of the civil power, considering the abundant care and provisions this act contains FOR OUR GREAT ADVANTAGES.’—Doc. Annals, ii. 276.’



the designs of their enemies. This proclamation was, no doubt, unconstitutional; but, before we condemn the persecuted men who availed themselves of it, we must look at their circumstances, and ask what other means of self-preservation were left them? A drowning man is not in a condition to make inquiry respecting the hand which is stretched out for his rescue, and the nonconformists of this period must not be held to have authenticated the royal prerogative, in availing themselves of the defence which it proffered against the malice of their persecutors. Some few of them, indeed, went further than this, and thanked the monarch; but the great body of our forefathers were faithful to civil liberty, whilst they availed themselves of the prerogative for the defence of their religious freedom. They saw through the design of the court, and abhorred its popish policy, but as men persecuted unto death, they sheltered themselves behind illegal power, from a still more threatening and imminent peril. Foiled in his design, the bishop repaired to London, in the hope of stimulating anew the persecuting spirit of the court, and the nonconformist congregations having united, sent an agent thither to counteract his efforts. In this, however, they were unsuccessful; for, 'though,' says our informer, 'we had many good words from the court, giving hopes of continuing our liberties longer, yet in the 12th month, February, anno 1674 (1675), the king, somewhat before the parliament's sitting, then coming nigh, he set forth a proclamation as against papists, but in the latter end of it declared, that all the licenses formerly given to the dissenters were made void.'

The royal proclamation annulling the licenses which had been granted, allowed free scope to the bishop and his clergy, of which they were not slow to take advantage. Three of the ministers were speedily apprehended, and some difficulty was, in consequence, experienced in maintaining public worship. Under these circumstances it became necessary to adopt extraordinary measures, and representatives of the several congregations met for consultation. The plan arranged is thus described:

'Three of our ministers being imprisoned, some of each congregation of the brethren met together to consult how to carry on our meetings, that we might keep to our duty, and edify one another now our pastors were gone. Some even were ready of thinking to give off, viz., of the presbyterians; that they could not carry it on, because of their principle, [which] was not to hear a man not bred up at the university, and not ordained. But the Lord appeared, and helped us to prevail with them to hold on, and keep up their meetings. And for the first, and [for] some time, we concluded this: to

come and assemble together, and for one to pray and read a chapter, and then sing a psalm, and after conclude with prayer; and so two brethren to carry on the meeting one day, and two another: for a while, to try what they would do with us. So we did, and ordered one of the doors of our meeting place to be made fast, and all to come in at one, but open it when we go forth: and to appoint some youth, or two of them, to be out at the door, every meeting, to watch when Hellier, or other informers or officers, were coming: and so to come in, one of them, and give us notice thereof. Also, some of the hearers, women and sisters, would sit and crowd in the stairs, when we did begin the meeting with any exercise, that so the informers might not too suddenly come in upon us; by reason of which they were prevented divers times.'—pp. 222, 223,

We have already seen how Mr. Ewins sunk beneath his sufferings, a martyr for what he deemed truth, as really as were Latimer, Ridley, and Hooper. Mr. Thompson, another minister of the city, was sacrificed in the same manner, and with still greater heartlessness. 'Diverse persons of note' intreated that he might be released from prison, but without avail. 'And his physician,' says Mr. Terrill, 'interceded that he might be removed out of that stinking prison, to some convenient house for air, and to administer somewhat more conveniently to him, and he showed the danger of his condition; yet, notwithstanding, they hardened their hearts, and would not grant it, because the bishop would not give leave.' Such cases may well make us pause, when the metaphorical language of the Apocalypse is applied exclusively to the church of Rome. Murder may be perpetrated in other places than Smithfield, and by other instruments than the faggot and the stake. The men who, in Charles the Second's time, filled our prisons with confessors, and witnessed the slow death of their inmates, would have adopted more prompt and violent measures had they lived during the reigns of Henry or Mary. Their moderation was apparent, not real; and would have taken any other form which the temper of the age, or the spirit of their contemporaries had allowed.

Deprived of their pastors, one being dead, and two others imprisoned, the churches of Bristol were reduced to great perplexity. Their persecutors knew little of their temper, and probably expected that their meetings would be discontinued when their ordinary teachers were withdrawn. In this, however, they were disappointed. They knew not the men with whom they had to deal, and must, therefore, have been annoyed as well as perplexed at the constancy evinced. 'For our parts,' says Mr. Terrill, 'we presently made use of our ministering gifts in the church, as we did in former persecutions, contenting ourselves with mean gifts, and coarse fare, in the want of better.'

Every prudential measure, however, which their circumstances permitted, was adopted for the protection of the brethren, and the following passage bespeaks at once the severity of their trial, and the ingenious methods which were resorted to for their safety. We would have those who speak of the Restoration as a national blessing, to ponder deeply the state of things which such a passage indicates.

‘In order to which, at our own meeting, to prevent spies that might come in the room as hearers:—and yet that no strangers, or persons we knew not, might be hindered from coming into our meeting, whether good or bad, to hear the gospel:—we contrived a curtain, to be hung in the meeting place, that did inclose as much room as above fifty might sit within it; and among those men, he that preached should stand; that so, if any informer was privately in the room as a hearer, he might hear him that spake, but could not see him, and thereby not know him. And there were brethren without the curtain, that would hinder any from going within the curtain, that they did not know to be friends: and so let whoso would come into our meeting to hear, without the curtain. And when our company and time were come to begin the meeting, we drew the curtain, and filled up the stairs with women and maids that sat in it, that the informers could not quickly run up.

‘And when we had notice that the informers, or officers, were coming, we caused the minister, or brother that preached, to forbear, and sit down. Then we drew back the curtain, laying the whole room open, that they might see us all. And so all the people begun to sing a psalm, that, at the beginning of the meeting, we did always name what psalm we would sing, if the informers, or the mayor or his officers came in. Thus still when they came in we were singing, [so] that they could not find any one preaching, but all singing. And, at our meeting, we ordered it so, that none read the psalm after the first line, but every one brought their bibles, and so read for themselves: that they might not lay hold of any one for preaching, or as much as reading the psalm, and so to imprison any more for that, as they had our ministers.

‘Which means the Lord blessed, that many times when the mayor came they were all singing, that he knew not who to take away more than another. And so when the mayor, Hellier, or the other informers, had taken our names, and done what they would, and carried away whom they pleased, and when they were gone down out of our rooms, then we ceased singing, and drew the curtain again, and the minister, or brother, would go on with the rest of his sermon, until they came again—which sometimes they would thrice in one meeting disturb us—or until our time was expired. This was our constant manner during this persecution, in Ollive’s mayoralty, and we were by the Lord helped, that we were in a good measure edified, and our enemies often disappointed. *Laus Deo.*

‘We taking this course, after a little while Mr. Weeks’s people



did so likewise; they shut up one of their doors, and, instead of a curtain, they put a wainscot board, in a convenient place in their meeting, behind which he that spake did stand, out of sight of the greatest part of the people, and yet all might hear. And they suffer none to come into that part of the meeting but friends. And so, when the informers come, they had the convenience to convey him that spake out of that part of the meeting, into another house.

‘Brother Gifford’s people took this course: a company of tall brethren stand about him that speaks, and having near his feet made a trap-door in the floor, when the informers come, they let down the brother that spake into a room under. And so their conveniency led them to take that course, keeping one still at the door to give notice.

‘And so likewise Mr. Gifford’s meeting was frequently sheltered by our two meetings, which lay as the frontiers of their assaults. But when the bishop’s men did some week days follow Mr. Thompson’s meeting, they likewise contrived ways to frustrate the informers, and to save their speakers, having lost their minister as before. Now their meeting place being a lower room, and two lofts over head, one over another, they made a door to the stair-foot into the second story, and made the minister stand in that middle room; and [he] so preached that they below and over might all hear. And they caused a curtain to be made, that, when the informers came in, they might draw that curtain before the ministers, that the informers could not see him that preached, but only hear him; and could not come at him, by reason the new door at stair-foot was kept fast, and none suffered to go up but those that they knew friends. And if they went to break open the door, before that could be done, they could, from that second story, convey the minister away into another house; and if they had timely notice, they would be all singing when the informers came, as we and Mr. Weeks’s meeting did. These ways we took to maintain our meetings, and the Lord helped us.’—pp. 226—228.

Mr. Hardcastle died suddenly in 1678, and the following brief summary of his imprisonments sufficiently attests the severity of the persecutions to which our nonconformist forefathers were exposed, and the strength of the convictions under which they acted. His case was by no means singular.

‘He was a man, as it were a champion for the Lord, very courageous in his work and sufferings. His zeal provoked many, before he came to Bristol. After he had thrown off conformity, he suffered about eight months’ imprisonment in York Castle; and then, because he would not give bond to preach no more, as some ministers, his fellow-prisoners, did, to get free, he was carried thence, out of his county eighty miles, to Chester Castle, and there he was kept fifteen months more, close prisoner; and then, by an order from the king, he was released without bonds, and he came to London, and there he was baptized. After that [he] was taken up for preaching, and by

the Conventicle Act was six months prisoner in London. And then being called by this church to be their pastor, for the defence of the gospel, [he] was twice imprisoned in Bristol, two six months; still preaching as soon as ever he came forth, and so continued till his death, having been our pastor about seven years and a quarter. He was seven times imprisoned, for Christ and a good conscience, after he left off conformity.'—p. 388.

The conduct of the informers, in the prosecution of their miserable vocation, was disgraceful in the extreme. Of one of them, named Harris, Mr. Terrill reports, that he entered the assembly 'with a tankard of strong drink in his hand, and, sitting down on the pulpit-seat, he drank to his companions a health to the king, and then smoked tobacco and sung songs, and jeered us poor people.' Such conduct was not confined to the lowest of the class. On the 25th of December, 1681, we are informed that Hellier, with several others, disturbed the assembly, having 'three tankards of strong drink,' with bread and cheese, of which they openly partook. The brethren, however, were not to be moved from their steadfastness; and when several of them were apprehended and cast into prison, they continued, like Paul and Silas, to bear their testimony to the truth.

'On Friday the 30th,' (Dec.) says Mr. Terrill, 'we being above twenty of us in prison, considered we should keep a day of fasting and prayer. So we did this day, and Brother Fownes, our pastor, being also imprisoned, preached about the middle of the day; and in the close, we sung the 46th psalm. Which George Hellier, formerly an informer, now in prison for debt, overhearing, he sent to Sheriff Knight, to let him know we had a conventicle in Newgate. Upon which the sheriff, with several serjeants and artillery men, came up into the gallery over against the great room where we were met, and seeing the room pretty full, was in a great rage. Brother Terrill reading the psalm, he commanded us to be silent; so we ceased. And the sheriff stormed, and called for the keeper, saying he would turn him out of his place, for we should not keep conventicles there. And seeing two gentlewomen there, sister Hollister and a neighbour of hers, who came to visit us, commanded his attendants to take names; but finding no more than them, did not proceed. Brother Terrill seeing the sheriff in such a great rage, said, 'The law did allow a family with four more to meet, and we being then but one family, might meet.' He said we should be locked up in our rooms. Captain Arundell also blaming us, brother Terrill told him, it was contrary to law to throw us into prison for praying only. He said it was not; and plucked the Act out of his pocket, but could not find that power in it. And they all went away in a great rage.'—p. 443.

Such were the men whom it has been fashionable with our historians and novelists to describe as fanatic empirics, hypo-

crites in religion, and rebels in politics. The world is now coming to know them better. The time of their revelation has arrived, and even those who despise their creed, and hate their religion, are beginning to acknowledge their earnest sincerity, and to condemn the brutal violence with which they were assailed. The bad passions of the Restoration are passing away. The unhealthy re-action then experienced has spent itself, and men are asking for what crime, and to what end, the most religious of our countrymen were fined, imprisoned, or banished. We may well congratulate ourselves on the times in which we live. Our fathers laboured, and we have entered into their labour. They bore the burden and heat of the day, and it devolves on us to carry out and complete their work. They have left us a noble testimony, and we shall be unworthy of their name, if we do not manfully bear it up before the men of our day. At the sacrifice of property, liberty, and, in many cases, of life, they protested against the intrusion of secular power into the province of religion. For what they deemed truth, they were faithful unto death; and on us, their children and descendants, devolves the responsibility of achieving the end, which they saw but dimly. Their own position was in advance of the earlier puritans, as ours may be of theirs; but, throughout the whole, from the time of Hooper to the present day, there has been a radical unity, the sameness which exists between the successive series of one great manifestation. As the fidelity of the puritans was shown in a protest against popish garments and rites, and that of the nonconformists in a warfare with prelatical usurpation and superstitious forms of prayer, so ours must be seen in opposition to human authority, under every shape, in the maintenance or control of the truth. We are set for the freedom of the gospel, and this can never be achieved whilst kings or priests, parliaments or convocations, are permitted to legislate for the church.

We dismiss this volume with an earnest recommendation. It should be found in every nonconformist library, and is essential to the ecclesiastical student of the reign of Charles the Second.

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ART. III.—1. *The Vegetable Kingdom; or, the Structure, Classification, and Uses of Plants, Illustrated upon the Natural System.* By John Lindley, Ph. D., F.R.S., & L.S. With upwards of Five Hundred Illustrations. London: Bradbury & Evans. 1846.

2. *School Botany.* By Dr. Lindley. 1846.

3. *The Gardener's Chronicle, and Agricultural Gazette.* The Horticultural part edited by Professor Lindley. Published weekly.

WHEN the sacred records declare that 'the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed,' they promulgate a law of the human condition, by which, in a greater or less degree, it must always be controlled. Even if we should concede that the record is a *myth*, and not a description of a real transaction, the result is the same. It is an expression of the Divine will, that man, in every age, shall depend on the fruits of the ground for his support. This law was not abrogated on the expulsion of our first parents from the scenes of their innocence, although it received some alteration in its bearings. Toil now took the lead, and exacted its penalties with inflexible rigour; while pleasure, which had formerly been the ruling power, became the handmaid of industrious exertion. The delicate line of Milton thus becomes allusive to a state of things which has never since existed—

'Flowers of all hue, and *without thorn* the rose;'

for, although, physically, the roses of Eden doubtless had thorns, their growth was not associated with cares which the love of flowers might lighten or dispel. A merciful Providence has left us the rose, and we thank him for it, although it flourishes among thorns.

'God made the country, but man made the town.' When this latter process took place, and the growing necessities of men caused them to live in cities, and cultivate the arts of commerce, the native attachments of their hearts still developed themselves, and they embraced every opportunity of gratifying their tastes for the beautiful scenes and productions of nature. It is to the building of towns, probably, that horticulture owes its existence as a science, introduced and matured for the purpose of compensating for the loss of the operations of the field on a large scale. It is even now proverbial, that farmers are seldom good gardeners, and the reason is evident. The yearning after nature is amply indulged in the case of a man who rises with the lark, sees daily 'hedge-row beauties numberless'

and is acquainted from infancy with the wild Flora of the fields and woods. The breath of morn is sweet to him, and he is satisfied with inhaling it; and his spirit has no need to rest on the parterre, nor luxuriate in the green-house. But the child of toil is differently situated. Blue skies and green meadows enamelled with 'daisies pied, and violets blue,' must, in his case, be sighed after in vain; and, to make the best of his condition, he imitates nature in miniature. The objects of his solicitude receive a degree of attention which nature always rewards with exuberant gratitude; and, what is wanting in extent and magnificence, is made up by symmetry and compactness. Thus floriculture was nurtured and matured, although, when found out, it soon extended its benefits to those whose exigencies did not drive them to discover it, from the greenhouses and hot-beds of suburban villas to the princely conservatories of Chatsworth.\*

There are three great principles which present themselves in high relief when we contemplate the grand picture of Nature, inviting the beholder to solace himself in the midst of the abundance provided for him, and compelling him to exertion, if he would obtain the prizes presented to his view. The first is, *the attractiveness of natural productions*. For the mere support of the animal economy, the eye need not be pleased nor the taste gratified; yet both these objects are attained to a most bountiful extent by the productions of the vegetable world. If beauty were always allied to obvious utility, the case would lead to this conclusion; but to make the argument stronger, it is often thrown around productions which *appear* to have no important bearing on animal life, so that while the cereal tribes, so essential to man, have an appearance of humble rusticity, others,

\* The great conservatory at Chatsworth, erected and furnished at enormous expense by the present Duke of Devonshire, may be called one of the wonders of the world. Its arched roof, formed of plate glass, is seventy feet high, and a road runs through it, allowing of carriages passing one another. A writer in the 'Gardeners' Chronicle' (p. 51, 1842) thus refers to it: 'But the great conservatory itself!—how shall I describe it? Its outward aspect has something of the sublime and supernatural, well fitted to sustain those feelings of wonder and veneration with which all sincere worshippers of the Lady Flora approach her mystic precincts. No travel-toiled Mussulman at the sacred postern of Mecca—no Christian pilgrim at the foot of the holy sepulchre—not Mr. Beckford in view of St. Peter's, nor Capt. Harris gazing on three hundred wild elephants in Southern Africa—not Bruce at the source of the Nile, nor Lander at the termination of the Niger—no, nor even

————— 'Paris at the top  
Of Ida panted stronger,'

than did the writer of these notes when the portals of the mighty plant-house of Chatsworth were thrown open to receive him.'

unused for food, display gorgeous and matchless charms of colour and form. Take, for example, the cactaceæ and the orchidaceæ so beautifully illustrated by Dr. Lindley in the volume at the head of this article. What wondrous loveliness do they exhibit, even in this country, so far removed from their own sunny *habitats*, and yet how comparatively useless are they as articles of food for man or beast! Of the orchids Dr. Lindley says, 'It often happens that those productions of nature which charm the eye with their beauty, and delight the senses with their perfume, have the least relation to the wants of mankind, while the most powerful virtues, or most deadly poisons, are hidden beneath a mean and insignificant exterior; thus orchids, beyond their beauty, can scarcely be said to be of known utility, with a few exceptions.' \* (p. 180.) In reference to fruits, the same effort to win attention and please the fancy is manifest, and no one can look upon a fruitful and well-trained peach-tree in the month of September, without feeling that it appeals to his intellectual nature, and in the silent eloquence of a divinely adapted instrument calls for his thoughtfulness and gratitude.

The *second* great principle is, *the necessity of culture* in order to secure the advantages which a bountiful Providence is willing, on that condition, to confer. Auriculas, indeed, grow on the Alps, and orchids in the recesses of forests, without asking for the aid of man; but the question is not whether Nature is beautiful without culture, but whether man, without it, can secure that which is necessary for his comfortable existence. Even in countries which throw forth spontaneously those productions which man welcomes as luxuries, the skilful hand is necessary to secure the crops demanded by commerce, as in the case of tea in China, the sugar-cane in the West Indies, and rice on the continent of India. But this spontaneous abundance is peculiar to certain regions, and we, in northern latitudes, can expect Nature's comforts and luxuries only as a return for expense, and toil, and exertion. Here, again, an appeal is made to intelligence, and our mental powers are manifestly called upon to be 'fellow-workers together with God.' The faculties must be put forth to make stubborn materials pliant; to counteract the differences and varieties of climate; and to ward off innumerable impending dan-

\* The value of orchids in this country is manifested by the prices they fetch at sales. Messrs. Stevens sold a lot at the Auction Mart in London on Wednesday the 25th of February, and the sum realized was £466 for 142 plants. These had just arrived from their native places, and the purchasers had to run the risk of failure in accustoming them to the climate and treatment of Great Britain.



gers. The thoughtless citizen, ignorant of the sources of the wealth of nations, may laugh at the zeal evinced by the members of agricultural societies; but he should remember, that these associations are founded in the knowledge of the fact, that brute force never was sufficient to compel the clods to yield a bountiful produce, and that now, more than ever, a high intellectual husbandry can alone follow the leading of Divine Providence, and promote man's physical well-being. This principle runs through all the various stages of vegetable culture, from a few pots in the window of a dwelling-house to the costly conservatory; from the cabbage-ground of the peasant to the largest farm. It is much more clear, that Nature abhors idleness than it is that she abhors a vacuum, and she takes infinite pains to engrave this truth upon the tablets of our memory, 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich.'

The *third* principle which commands attention in that department of the laboratory of nature devoted to vegetable life, is *the almost creative power which is granted to the exercise of human skill*; a principle well worthy our thankful and reverential regard, and the consideration of which opens up a wide field for thought. That man is able to *create* in other spheres of mental operations is well known; as when he carves an exquisite statue from the rugged marble, or arranges scattered words and phrases into an enchanting poem. But it was not suspected till lately, that, while vegetable life can only be called into existence by the Divine Artificer, it is allowed to his servant, man, to turn that life into new channels, and to impress upon it forms of beauty unknown and unseen before. Cultivation will do much in altering the size and other characters of flowers, but it is by hybridizing that art achieves its most exalted triumphs in this department of nature. That this observation may be understood by those of our readers to whom such topics are new, we will take two illustrations, which must be familiar to all of them—the pansy and the dahlia. In their indigenous growth, these plants are of a very humble and undistinguished character; the former being a native of many parts of the world, and a general favourite as a wild flower from its sweet simplicity; the latter, a native of the sandy plains of Mexico, whence it was brought by Baron Humboldt, in 1798, although, at that time, producing flowers which a cottager would now refuse to cultivate. Both these have become universal favourites; and immense sums have been spent and realized by those who have brought new varieties into the market. By judicious crossing the distinct varieties, and by careful cultivation, these flowers have attained a perfection almost inconceivable by those who have not studied the subject. The dahlias, pansies, and

pelargoniums, now found in most gardens are, to a great extent, works of art, such as the face of heaven would probably never have looked upon, had not man applied his ingenuity to their production. How boundless is the prospect thus presented to the human race in this compartment of nature! As long as man is willing to luxuriate in the midst of flowers, and to spend time and money in their cultivation, new varieties will still reward his care, and a perfection may be attained which is not now anticipated. In all these improvements, nature provides that nothing in bad taste shall be developed, and circumscribes man's power by her own refined laws. *Ars est celare artem*; and nothing savouring of the workshop will ever be seen in these products of combined skill.

Enough has been said to lead to the conclusion, that man is called to be an agriculturist and a gardener; in the first place, by his corporeal necessities; and, in the second place, by the alluring, though silent accents of natural things, which invite his skill and reward his efforts. In the unsophisticated season of childhood, the ear is tenderly susceptible of that eloquence; and the posey culled in the field or the garden, seems to hold sweet communion with the eyes and the heart of the infant worshipper. From the shrine of Flora, man goes, in after life, to the altars of Mammon; and, in the engrossing pursuits of business, is found sometimes to utter the degrading maxim, that the finest production of the garden is a cauliflower. But such an insensibility to the charms of natural things is an exception, and not the rule. In narrow alleys and crowded streets; in the workshop of the artisan, and the balcony of the wealthy, flowers assert their dominion over the human heart, and tell us, that man, in the elements of his being, was intended for such pursuits. No one can visit London, either in its centre or its suburbs, without feeling convinced that, with an increasing population, floral tastes bear an equal if not an increased ratio of progress. The shops of florists and seedsmen are multiplied; nurseries extend over cultivated acres; and publications devoted to gardening and botany, are too numerous to allow us even to catalogue them. This is, we think, a propitious sign of the times; for, while nature is allowed to be heard, although it may be only in the utterance of an admired bouquet, there is hope for man.

We are thus led to the consideration of the *moral* aspect of the pursuits of which we are speaking, and for which such great facilities are now afforded. A general observation may be made without fear of contradiction, that the love of natural objects must exert a refining influence on its possessor. That literature, under ordinary restraints does this, is admitted by

all; but the literature contained in the characters impressed by the Divine hand on trees and flowers, is of a higher nature than that which is ordinarily found in books. How can it be otherwise than beneficial for us to follow a guidance so unmistakable as that to which allusion has just been made; a guidance in which beauty and intelligence, and conscious responsibility, combine their efforts to lead us to exertion in the magnificent scenes which surround us! We do not mean to assert that the cultivation of vegetable life, must, in all cases, refine and make happy those who engage in it; far from it. Man may, (and in many cases unfortunately does) earn his bread by the sweat of his brow in a toil so severe that the iron enters into his soul, and the blue firmament witnesses not his contented smiles, but his tears! The man who is bound to the soil by the tyranny of his fellow-man, or by the heavy shackles of poverty, must loath that labour which wastes his energies, gives his body a premature decrepitude, and allows him no moments to contemplate calmly the smallest flower. Of such it cannot be said—

‘ O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint  
Agrícolas! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis  
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus.’

They know their lot too well, and are convinced by dire experience that it is a bitter one.

If the benign influences of nature fall not on the slave, nor the free victims of ill-requited toil, they refuse also to descend on him who is a florist for purposes of pecuniary profit alone, and estimates tulips, and carnations, and roses, by what they fetch in the market. We allude to this, because it is to be feared that the competitions of flower-shows are too often stimulated by the prizes offered to the successful exhibitor, and that the genuine lover of nature is not always the officiating priest in the floral temple. The adventitious and fashionable modes of cultivation adopted by some amateurs are as much opposed to genuine taste and natural beauty as their *motives* are contrasted with those of the real admirers of gardening and flowers. One man will disfigure his entire domains by the shades and other devices contrived to *get up* his dahlias for the show; another will *dress* a pink or a carnation until it assumes an uniformity in the disposition of its petals which nature rarely patronizes. In proportion as the motive has been sordid, the disappointment when the prize has been refused, is severe. The man who has grown a flower for the pleasure that employment gave him, may wish he had succeeded in eclipsing his competitors; but if he is himself thrown into the shade, he is still re-



paid for all his care. But the mere gamester, if not rewarded with a prize, has lost the only thing which gave a stimulus to his energies.

The devotion to botany and gardening which we plead for as a pursuit beneficial in all its influences, lies between the extremes of hard labour and mercenary skill; the *type* of which may be seen in Cowper the poet, whose delightful descriptions are the lively and exact reflections of his own experience. We admire the skill in numbers, which could so poetically describe the formation of a hot-bed, that 'stercoraceous heap;' and, in a few well-tuned lines, could, with so much technical correctness, lay down the rules for cucumber growing. But the psychologist will admire yet more the beneficial influence exerted by his pursuits on the mind of the poet. His morbidly sensitive spirit appears to gain a robustness, as his frame glows with manual labour; dark thoughts are driven away while tending flowers in the garden and the greenhouse; and the resources of a hidden and higher nature are poured forth in the meditations of a philosophic morality. We might quote here, but the 'Task' is in every house. One sentiment alone we must insert, showing that Cowper regarded his gardening labours as *intellectual*:—

——— 'Strength may wield the ponderous spade,  
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home,  
But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,  
And most attractive, is the fair result  
Of thought, the creature of a polished mind.'

To many, the advantages possessed by Cowper are denied, but thousands who have them, never properly employ them. As it is more the *taste* for gardening for which we plead, than an extensive sphere for its operations, there are few persons to whom our remarks will not apply; and while it is undoubtedly preferable to go forth and cultivate the ground, until health glows in the veins, and contentment beams in the eye, many of the ends of these pursuits may be secured if we possess only a window of a sitting room, and a few exotics to grace it.

While Cowper is fresh in the memory as a poet of gardening, it is only just to notice some others who have thrown the charms of song around this homely subject, and by so doing, have helped to raise it to its proper position as a science. Our Thomson is scarcely a gardener, but his descriptions of rural occupations are fascinating, although they want the conviction of personal experience which those of Cowper convey. Darwin, in his 'Loves of the Plants,' displays much devotion to his theme, and an extensive acquaintance with the science of

Botany, as understood in his day, and he has also some well-modulated lines. But his love of *finery* in writing mars all, and prevents his being popular. The most complete poem on these subjects is the Georgics of Virgil, when read in the original language, for the translation of Dryden loses much of the spirit of the great bard. In agricultural schools it is to be hoped all the classical pupils will be made familiar with this elegant production, for two reasons. The first regards the style, which confers on an humble theme the taste and refinement it is so well capable of receiving, and so richly deserves; the second respects the real information the poem conveys, not to be despised in these latter ages of artificial manures and steam-ploughs. Virgil also utters some fine sentiments, although he is more sparing of them than Cowper; as when he says, in reference to the *science* of cultivation—

‘Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,  
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
Subjecit pedibus.’—

In speaking of the moral influences of rural pursuits, it is impossible not to refer to that large class of Englishmen called agricultural labourers, whom many circumstances have tended to depress, and whose state of mind and heart it has become the fashion to depreciate. The peculiar position of landed property in this country, has entailed on the labourer the curse of low wages, by the adjuncts of which his heart has been vitiated and his spirits broken. In estimating the benefits of a moral character arising from tilling the ground, and constantly associating with the scenes of nature, we must not confound the precious with the vile, nor treat accidental qualities as necessary evils. If the *res angusta domi* does not interfere, we maintain that no happier class of men can be found than the peasants of this land; and we maintain, further, that their happiness depends in a great degree on the rural nature of their pursuits. Who will compare the crowded denizens of manufacturing districts, with the inhabitants of villages and hamlets, with the least hope of proving that the former are best situated for happiness? Man must be degraded indeed, if the glorious and beautiful truths of the book of nature daily uttered in his ears, (dull of hearing though he be) have not some effect on the training of his mind and heart.

The possession of a garden, with a disposition to cultivate it, and its non-possession, with a tendency to undervalue such an appendage to a cottage, constitute a broad line of separation between two great classes of the poor. It is impossible to look at the humblest dwelling with a few plants in the window, and

a tidy well-cultivated garden in front, without feeling a conviction that its inhabitants must be more contented and happy than their neighbours, whose plots are neglected, and whose rooms are guiltless of green leaves and flowers. We are not disposed to run into the absurd error of thinking that such tastes are always associated with purity—far from it. But we can affirm, from a long and close acquaintance with the habits of the poor, that a raised state of moral feeling is both the cause and the effect of a love of Nature. The productions we cultivate have a strong charm, and secure the attention with extraordinary power. If, therefore, a working-man has a garden at home, and loves to cultivate it, he will desert the public-house for that spot of quiet and cheering occupation. Domestic misery is in this way often prevented, and children are trained to find pleasure in a harmless and elevating pursuit.

‘Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati;  
Casta pudicitiam servat domus.’—(Geor. ii. 523.)

The influence of horticultural pursuits on the middle classes is highly beneficial, although a more close examination and analysis is necessary to trace the modes of its operation on the morals and happiness of this large body of men. That the taste for gardening and flowers is extending in this department of society there can be no question, as the fact is indicated by many unequivocal signs. The *literature* of gardening is, to a large extent, fostered by the middle classes, in the form of magazines, newspapers, and separate volumes, devoted to the various operations of the art. The shops of seedsmen and florists tell the same tale, both by their number, and by the greater attractions they now offer to the passer-by. In our boyish days, the shop of the seedsman was a very lugubrious affair, containing, indeed, the elements of future beauty and usefulness in the shape of sacks, and bags, and boxes, but displaying no taste to catch the eye and win the patronage of the street-walker. The case is now materially altered, for few of the principal streets of London, and other large cities, are destitute of a flower-shop. Here the beauties of the season are often displayed. Hyacinths and camellias in the spring, and pelargoniums and carnations in summer, tempt the suburban citizen retiring to his villa, or the ladies, whose husbands living in the city, can allow them only the balcony and the drawing-room for their gardening operations. But the strongest proof of the increase of this taste in the middle classes is furnished by the decorated windows and pretty gardens which abound in the suburbs, and even in the heart of our towns. The influence exerted by this admiration of natural beauties, is op-



posed to sordidness and low habits. Home is rendered more delightful, and the mind, which if always fixed on business and tied to the countinghouse, would expire of atrophy, receives fresh pabulum for meditation and thoughtfulness by watching the growth of a plant or a flower.

It is among the middle classes, that *the florists par excellence* abound, who patronize what are called florists' flowers, and attain to an extraordinary degree of skill in their culture. It is necessary to inform the uninitiated in these mysteries, that by florists' flowers a particular class of productions is meant, although its boundaries are not defined with any scientific precision. The nearest approach to a definition is that which describes florists' flowers as those which sport into varieties when submitted to cultivation. As this is true of most plants to a greater or less extent, the definition is not correct; and it may be sufficient to remark, that florists' flowers are those favourites of amateurs which fashion, or intrinsic beauty, or ease of cultivation, have brought into notice. Auriculas, polyanthuses, tulips, ranunculuses, carnations, and pinks, were the principal florists' flowers a few years back, but many others are now included in the list. Some of these, as the auricula and the polyanthus, may be well grown in the most disadvantageous circumstances, and the silkweavers of Spitalfields, and the mechanics of Lancashire, have been renowned for their cultivation. As any back-yard admitting a little sun and air may be made available for the production of exquisite specimens of floral beauty, it is in this department that thousands excel who have no convenience for larger operations. In proportion as the attention is concentrated on a few objects, they become more intensely admired, and florists' flowers have often received almost passionate fondness. It is said that a genuine amateur would rather take a blanket off his bed than allow his pets to be injured by the cold. It will readily be imagined, that this pursuit may easily overstep the bounds of prudence, and occupy more than a reasonable amount of time and thoughtfulness; but in the midst of occasional excesses, there is something pleasing in the fact, that occupations so innocent and tranquil, furnish so many with amusement and delight.

If we ascend to the wealthy and aristocratic circles of our countrymen, we find floriculture occupying a conspicuous place among the items of their expenditure, and, apparently, exercising considerable influence over their mental habits. We say *apparently*, not because we doubt the fact, but because it is less susceptible of proof in their case, than in that of the classes before-mentioned. It is not a *sine qua non* of respectability for a man of the lower or middle ranks of society to have a well-

ordered garden; but it is so with the wealthy and the high-born. With them it is indispensable to have the luxuries of vegetable life, and, by consequence, the means of producing them; and there can be no question that some wealthy persons spend many hundreds a-year on their gardens without a genuine taste for flowers. Fashion demands the sacrifice, and it is made as a matter of course. In labour alone, the garden of a country-gentleman will cost, on a very moderate scale, £150 a-year, and often double or treble that sum. To these expenses must be added the cost of new productions; artificial heat; rent of land, and repairs, etc.; so that £1,000 per annum is often spent on the horticultural adjuncts of an establishment. All this *may*, in some cases, be unconnected with an appreciation of natural beauties, but in most instances the taste and the expense incurred go hand-in-hand. Many noblemen and private gentlemen find great pleasure in rural pursuits, and engage in them scientifically. At the head of the former class must be placed the Duke of Devonshire, the great and zealous patron of the Horticultural Society of London. One advantage to society at large is obvious, resulting from these tastes in the aristocracy—they necessarily bring their possessors into contact with their humbler fellow-subjects, and teach them daily the important truth that Nature knows no aristocracy of intellect or talent.

We now pass to the consideration of one aspect of our theme, which will be more didactic than descriptive, and will contemplate more the enforcement of a duty than the statement of a fact; we mean, the desirableness of the study of botany and gardening to men of literary tastes and studious habits. From some inexplicable, or, certainly, insufficient cause, an unnatural divorce is often found to exist between the labour of the wits and of the hands, as though the two were incompatible in one person, or each had an abhorrence of the other. *Physiologically*, it is clear the two should be united, if a healthy development of body and mind is desired, *mens sana in corpore sano*. Why genius, and wit, and eloquence should be necessarily associated with an unhealthy condition of body, cannot *naturally* be shown. That they often are so, is the result of a breach of nature's laws, which have imperatively demanded, in all ages, the performance of coporeal labour as the price to be paid for the benefits of a vigorous and healthy development. The modern estimate of the capacities of genius is different in this respect from that of the ancients, whose wise and great men appear to have cultivated the bodily powers as well as those of the mind. Homer was a sturdy wanderer, uttering his sweet notes from a frame hardened by exposure to the weather, and inured to the hard-

ships of travel. Cincinnatus could handle the plough. Demosthenes overcame natural imperfections by great corporeal exertions. Cæsar could be luxurious at times, but he was a great classical writer; and the reader of his Commentaries is often at a loss which most to admire, his clear head and masculine understanding, or his capacity for physical toil. We do not remember, in all the compass of ancient literature, profane or sacred, a reference to those topics which modern geniuses have consecrated to their service; such as, 'the soul being too acute for the body;' 'energies wasted by watching the midnight oil;' 'a frame unfitted by genius for manly and robust exercises,' etc. The sooner all this is expunged from our current language and literature, the better. Fine mental endowments and correct tastes are surely more to be admired when set in a chasing of a muscular and vigorous body, than when associated with attenuated features, quick pulse, and an eye of ominous lustre. We beg to express a firm conviction, that a return to nature's laws is imperatively demanded of all men of learning and genius, and that the prospects of the human mind will be brightest when we recognize the claims of the inferior but inseparable casket in which it is lodged.

Perhaps there are no professional men, whose pursuits are of an intellectual character, who would be more benefited by an attention to botany and gardening than Christian ministers. This class, indeed, has acquired renown by the successful pursuit of horticulture, from the earlier efforts of the recluses of the convent to the more scientific labours of our own Henslow and Herbert. A large proportion of divines of all denominations are favourably situated for such pursuits, either by the ease of their worldly circumstances, or their living in rural districts; their parsonages having generally attached to them some portion of garden ground. That every public and private duty may be conscientiously attended to simultaneously with such operations, is attested by numerous examples, and cannot be reasonably doubted. But it is well known that very many ministers are excluded from any extensive acquaintance with such matters, partly by their situation in large towns and cities, and partly by the numerous engagements which the modern character of the religious world lays upon them. Yet these are the very persons who most need the enlivening influences of floral pursuits, and who would receive from them the largest amount of benefit. A country pastor may never handle the spade, nor tie up a flower; but, whether conscious of it or not, he is moulded and fashioned by the scenes of nature around him, and daily assimilates to himself the healthy nutriment so abundantly provided. But in London, or similar localities, a pastor occupies a different



position ; is surrounded by contrasted influences ; and is, therefore, bound to seek voluntarily that which his sphere of life does not place at his feet—*bound*, we mean, if he has a due regard to his physical well-being, and to the buoyancy and right adjustment of his mind.

How eminently suggestive are all the works of the great Creator ! and how easily does the mind draw to itself the stores of wisdom and knowledge furnished by the books of Nature and Providence ! If it is supposed that a man of ordinary abilities loses time by a moderate attention to horticulture, or any other physical science, a fatal mistake is committed, which should be rectified at once. The social principle operates in the region of intellect as well as everywhere else, and it is not good for a mental faculty to pursue its investigations alone. Error appears to love the haunts of a man of one book—*homo unius libri*—although that book may be the revealed Word of God. To some minds, the claim to lofty piety appears to be sustained if its supposed possessor despises all literature but that which is sacred, and eschews all knowledge but that which is revealed. But past experience and observation have disclosed the fact, that a one-sided application of the faculties has never had the blessing of heaven. It is in the midst of the meeting and blending rays of light from all the quarters whence their Creator darts them, that truth loves to dwell ; and in that irradiated sphere she must be sought.

The Christian minister must in every case be the pioneer, and not the follower of the crowd. The moment he finds himself urged onwards by a pressure from without, he must be prepared either to confess his past sluggishness, or, feeling that his own opinions and practice are correct, to make a dignified and active resistance. Hence, if an exhibition of weakness, and dangerous concessions are to be avoided, he must habitually frequent an eminence from which the real state of things may be viewed, and the wisest courses discerned. In large cities, he has to do with many whose idolatry is wealth, and whose dangerous disease is inordinate worldly excitement. Unhappy is the condition of both the teacher and the taught, if the former dwells in an atmosphere which prevents him from seeing the common danger, and sounding an alarm ! If he is also unduly excited ; if public meetings, and numerous engagements on committees ; if much company ; or even if an excess of pastoral duties, cause him to live in a crowd, and deny him time for calm reflection, he will not be likely to see the excitement of his flock. An association with the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field—quiet musings among the grand, yet silent operations of nature, will place him in a proper position. He will learn, in such circumstances,

that man's life—his happiness—consisteth not in the abundance which he possesses; and he will come as a freeman of nature to tell his people, in words of authority enforced by the genuine dictates of his own heart, that *a state of mind*, and not outward circumstance, constitutes happiness. Of course, these great lessons will be learned most advantageously among natural things; but if this is denied, books should supply the place. Every student of divinity should be a naturalist either in theory or practice, and, if possible, in both.

But it is time to say something specific respecting the works placed at the head of this article, although all we have advanced is in perfect accordance with their spirit and intention. 'The Gardener's Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette' is, as its title imports, a weekly register of matters concerning the gardener and the farmer; it abounds in notices of natural history, and may be recommended as an interesting and unexceptionable family journal. The 'School Botany' will attract by the beauty of its illustrations, and, if used in our seminaries, cannot fail of being highly beneficial to the young, and of drawing them on to a more scientific admiration of the works of nature in after life. The principal work, however, is 'The Vegetable Kingdom,' the mature product of the long studies of Dr. Lindley; a distinguished monument of his patient industry, general scholarship, and scientific attainments. We will allow the professor to introduce his own work in the following extracts from his preface.

'Its object is to give a concise view of the state of systematical botany at the present day, to show the relation or supposed relation of one group of plants to another, to explain their geographical distribution, and to point out the various uses to which the species are applied in different countries. The names of all known genera, with their synonyms, are given under each natural order, the numbers of the genera and species are in every case computed from what seems to be the best authority, and complete indices of the multitudes of names embodied in the work are added, so as to enable a botanist to know immediately under what natural order a given genus is stationed, or what are the uses to which any species has been applied. Finally, the work is copiously illustrated by wood and glyphographic cuts, and for the convenience of students an artificial analysis of the system is placed at the end.'

We need scarcely intimate to our readers that Dr. Lindley's work advocates a *natural system* of botany, and not the artificial one of Linnæus. On the merits of the natural system he thus speaks:—

'The natural system of botany being founded on these principles, that all points of resemblance between the various parts, properties, and

qualities of plants shall be taken into consideration ; that thence an arrangement shall be deduced in which plants must be placed next each other which have the greatest degree of similarity in those respects ; and that consequently the quality of an imperfectly known plant may be judged of by that of another which is well known, it must be obvious that such a method possesses great superiority over artificial systems, like that of Linnæus, in which there is no combination of ideas, but which are mere collections of isolated facts, having no distinct relation to each other. The advantages of the natural system, in applying botany to useful purposes are immense, especially to medical men, who depend so much upon the vegetable kingdom for their remedial agents. A knowledge of the properties of one plant enables the practitioner to judge scientifically of the qualities of other plants naturally allied to it ; and therefore, the physician acquainted with the natural system of botany, may direct his inquiries, when on foreign stations, not empirically, but on fixed principles, into the qualities of the medicinal plants which have been provided in every region for the alleviation of the maladies peculiar to it. He is thus enabled to read the hidden characters with which Nature labels all the hosts of species that spring from her teeming bosom. Every one of these bears inscribed upon it the uses to which it may be applied, the dangers to be apprehended from it, or the virtues with which it has been endowed. The language in which they are written is not indeed human ; it is in the living hieroglyphics of the Almighty which the skill of man is permitted to inspect. The key to their meaning lies enveloped in the folds of the natural system, and is to be found in no other place.'

This volume is beautifully printed, and the contents will afford much interest to the casual reader. It will form a useful appendage to any library.

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ART. IV.—*Adventures on the Western Coast of South America, and the Interior of California; including a Narrative of Incidents at the Kingsmill Islands, New Ireland, New Britain, New Guinea, and other Islands in the Pacific Ocean; with an account of the Natural Production, and the Manners and Customs, in Peace and War, of the various Savage Tribes Visited.* By John Coulter, M.D., Author of '*Adventures in the Pacific*,' etc. London: Longman & Co. 1847.

MOST of our readers are aware, that a vast number of islands are spread over the Pacific Ocean, both north and south of the Equator, some in isolated positions, and others beautifully grouped so as to wear the aspect of a tropical garden, approaching in fascination to fairy land. An extensive trade is carried on between these islands and the western coasts of North and South America. The Georgian islands and the Chilian ports have extensive commercial transactions, and the Sandwich Islands and the ports of California are connected in a similar manner. The Chinese merchants compete in these markets with those of America and England, while Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and other British colonies, partake in the advantages of the lucrative trade. 'In fact,' as Dr. Coulter remarks, 'the Pacific Ocean trading is an occupation peculiar to itself, and one from which great emolument is derived; indeed, it is of so much value to the local adventurers engaged in it, that they have systematically concealed a correct account of it from the home ports, lest their profitable transactions should be interfered with by too many coming out.' The captains or supercargos are generally owners of the vessels engaged in this trade, and they steer from island to island, as may be deemed most expedient, until their cargo is exchanged for such commodities as they are desirous of obtaining. The vessels are well manned, and sufficiently armed to repel the attacks to which they are frequently exposed. Few of them return without some hostile encounter with the natives, which arises too commonly from the cupidity, recklessness, or ignorance of the traders. 'Some of them,' says our author, 'who have reckless captains and crews on board, never can end a trading transaction with the natives without a row.'

In a former work, entitled '*Adventures in the Pacific*,' Dr. Coulter gave an account of his cruising adventures as far as Tahiti, and now proceeds, in the volumes before us, to carry his readers along with him through the subsequent perils of his

voyage. His work is full of incident, always interesting, and frequently instructive. It opens up many scenes of genuine romance, and reveals to the quiet stayers-at-home, how poor and inexpressive fiction is, compared with what is actually taking place in many regions of the globe. Dr. Coulter's style is well suited to his work. It is at once easy and flowing, sufficiently colloquial for the graphic description of incident, yet free from the coarseness of nautical speech. We have not met with a more readable book for some time past. The lightest will be pleased with its various and exciting incidents, while the more reflecting will gather from its narrative materials for sober and useful thought.

On leaving Tahiti, the ship *Stratford*, in which our author sailed as surgeon, steered northward in search of whales, and speedily fell in with an American vessel similarly employed. An exciting chase took place between them which ended to the advantage of the English, and it is pleasing to learn that 'a hearty good will prevailed on both sides.' When parallel with the Marquesas Islands, and in sight of one of its mountains, the weather, which had previously been stormy, cleared up, and there was scarcely wind enough to fill the sails. It was one of those tropical nights which wear the semblance of enchantment, and lull back the senses to the credulous superstitions of a former age. The watch was set, and the captain and remainder of the crew had retired to rest, when one of the officers came down to report that a strange sound, resembling a human voice, had been heard not far from the ship. Every thing of course was instantly in motion, and Dr. Coulter tells us—

'Both the captain and I put on our clothes hastily and went on deck; we listened for a length of time without hearing anything: as the ship made a little way through the water, the main was thrown aback in order to listen more attentively. After straining our eyes through the night-glasses in the direction pointed out, we were going to denounce it as the Flying Dutchman, or something of the kind, when a hoarse guttural shout assailed our ears; some of the oldest hands in the ship remained transfixed and powerless: again it was repeated, though nearer, and again all was still; by-and-by a slight splashing sound was conveyed to the ship, something like a log of wood was seen through the gloom, and the word "*Pihii*" (ship) was uttered as if from one in pain.

'*"A native in distress,"* said the captain as he withdrew the night-glass from his eye; 'a crew for the larboard quarter boat to pick him up.' The words banished superstition, and the men instantly threw off their jackets to obey the dictates of humanity, through the orders given. It was yet intensely dark, and lanterns were brought to assist in carefully lowering the boat; a few minutes sufficed, however, to get her clear of the ship, and as we could not see her, we

passed the time in listening to the clank of the oars, as she pulled away through the gloom; there could now be only heard, and that occasionally, an odd jerk of the oar in the rullocks of the boat; they were evidently searching for the object of distress; a few minutes more the signal of success was exhibited in the boat, the concealed lantern and a hearty cheer followed, which was loudly responded to from the ship. I may here mention, that the lights in lanterns on board the ship and in the boats are generally veiled until the moment they are required, for this reason, that the men can better distinguish objects when all is nearly dark than when a light is glared on them, as it renders the obscurity doubly obscure.

'One of the ship lanterns was now held up half way up the mizen rigging to direct the boat in the proper direction, which shortly reached the stern of the ship, with a small shattered-looking canoe in tow, with a native and child in it; when they came alongside, the stranger and child were put into the boat, which was hoisted up with a lively hand over hand song; when it was high enough, and resting on the cranes, the man and child were lifted carefully in on deck; one of his arms was dreadfully bruised and swollen, the boy safe, but both in a great state of exhaustion. Their story was soon told: he was a Marquesan, belonging to the Island of Fetuiva, was making an excursion with another man and his child to one of the neighbouring islands, when it came on to blow heavily, and drove them off the islands, with scarcely any food in the canoe.

'The wind afterwards ceased, when a fresh disaster happened to them; a number of small whales had either been gambolling, or running very fast in the night, when they unfortunately came in contact with their frail vessel and capsized it. One of the men was killed and knocked overboard, to be seen no more; the other, with his child fast on his shoulder, contrived to right his canoe, and bale her out with the one, and only paddle he had now, as the other was lost; with this he contrived to make a little way towards the islands, though the current was sadly against him, and he was buried in the depths of despair when our ship was fanning her way close to him. He was a fine powerful-looking man, greatly tattooed over the body. His shoulders, and indeed the most of his body, was greatly scalded from the wash of the sea continually over him, and on placing my hand on his skin, he felt icy cold. We bathed him over with some fresh water, and rolled both him and the poor child, which was about four years old, up in thick blankets, and got them brought down into the cabin; after which, some warm wine and water contributed greatly to recover him. He then embraced his child, gave his deliverers a long look of deep-felt gratitude, that no painter could depict, nor any pen describe, covered himself up in the blanket, and fell off into a sound sleep.'—vol. i. pp. 15—19.

It was now determined to search for whales on the coast of the Americas, but after a four months' unsuccessful cruise, having reached the northern point of Peru, the Stratford made



for Tacames, in order to obtain wood, water, and fruit. Whilst the needful supplies were being obtained, our author indulged himself with some days' sport in the woods. Dr. Coulter seems never to have remained on ship-board when he could safely trust himself on land. He is a thorough sportsman, who found his home in the woods. With a good rifle and a healthy frame, he trusted to the chances of the wilderness, and hence drew much of the information supplied to his readers. On the present occasion, he was fortunate enough to engage the services of an Indian named 'Jack,' who had an excellent gun, and knew well how to use it. Having filled his forage-bag with some hard-cooked meat and sea-biscuits, they soon left the region of civilization behind them. The monkeys in this region are of gigantic size, and startled our traveller not a little by stretching out their ugly faces at him, as if to see who it was that ventured to intrude on their solitude. 'As we passed along,' says Dr. Coulter, 'several times they were particularly bold, and stretched out their long arms in an endeavour to lay hold of the end of the gun, or the cap on my head. I had frequently the rifle dropt on my left hand to fire at them, when my worthy companion told me to let them alone. Certainly, the huge size and daring of some of them would justly alarm any one not accustomed to such creatures; yet Jack did nothing but laugh at them and me, said it was all tricks, and that they were only curious to look at a stranger.' Large snakes were also met with in abundance, and the howl of wild beasts enforced both silence and caution. What speedily occurred was much more serious, and will be best described in our author's own words.

'In this cautious manner we arrived at the brink of a deep ravine, at the bottom of which there was much brushwood, with here and there a pool of water. We sat down to rest ourselves, and listen for awhile to the music of the woods, which I must say was very discordant; the barks, howls, and roars of the beasts were incessant. The ravine was extensive, and there was a good deal of cleared ground in it, so that we could see up and down it a good way. We were in the act of descending half way down the bank when we heard frequent loud yelps approaching us fast: Jack now told me to drop down, keep close, and have the gun ready; he did the same, his dark expressive eyes dancing with half-concealed eagerness. We had not long to wait, for in two or three minutes a beautiful young wild black horse came tearing along the clear part of the ravine, in the direction of our concealment; he was going at his utmost speed, and closely pursued by two splendid tigers that ran much quicker, and whose bounds we could distinctly perceive were great, as at each, they rose several feet from the ground.

'As the poor horse came up nearly to where we now were (for

we crawled deeper into the ravine) he seemed to be nearly exhausted, and slipped down on his knees, about thirty yards from where we knelt down ready for them. One of the tigers crouched with all the twisting motion of a huge cat, and made a spring of about twenty feet right on the back of the horse, and seized him by the neck with a fearful growl; the other animal trotted round the horse, lashing his tail about, and roaring with terrific ferocity; they were too busy now with their victim to scent us out. 'Are you ready now,' said Jack? 'I am,' said I. By agreement I covered the tiger on the horse, my guide the other; at a signal both guns went off together.

'The one I had covered rolled kicking off the horse, the other fell down and tumbled about in all directions, evidently badly wounded. 'Now for the knife,' said Jack; and we rushed up to where they lay. Mine was dead, but the other was still active, though unable to move any distance. I went up to him with the intention of firing my second barrel through his head, when my guide insisted upon my letting him alone, and drew his long knife. The tiger had yet great vitality, and I was much alarmed lest he might injure the man, and kept the gun ready for an immediate shot.

'Jack went boldly up to him; the infuriated animal grinned horribly and writhed rapidly about, throwing up a good deal of dust from the dry ground. One plunge of the knife, a roar, into him again, a hideous grin and a tumble about, some blood scattered on the ground, at him again, a miss stroke of the knife, try once more, both down and nearly covered with dust. I was now determined to put an end to this dangerous conflict, if I could; but the rapid motion of both man and beast prevented me firing, lest one should receive what was intended for the other.

'The tiger had now hold of either the Indian or his clothes, as both rolled together; yet the knife was busily at work. At last his arm was raised high up with the red dripping instrument, and after one more angry plunge of it, the tiger turned on his back, his paws and whole frame quivering, and with an attempt at a ghastly grin, he fell over on his side and died. Jack then stood up, covered with the blood of the animal, and his first ejaculation was 'un diablo,' in English, 'one devil.' I was anxious to ascertain if the man was hurt, and after washing himself in a pool of water near us, I was delighted to see that he escaped, with the exception of one faint bite on the shoulder, and a few tears of the paws on his arms, which he seemed to care nothing about. He was a brave man, told me he killed many of them, but this one he said died hard.—*Ib.*, pp. 44—47.

Another adventure of a similar kind occurred soon afterwards, when our sportsman was accompanied by a negro as well as the Indian. In order, however, that such facts should be duly estimated, it must be borne in mind, that the tiger of this coast is

a comparatively timid animal, who never attacks man save as a last resource.

'We were thinking,' says our author, 'about descending into the even ground, when a rushing sound out of an adjoining patch of forest arrested our attention; there were a few low bushes near to the spot we stood on, and under cover of those we crouched; the negro was all anxiety, and now and then half erected his body to peep out. Jack uttered a few testy words to him in Spanish. I asked him what he was saying. 'I tell him keep him black skin under de bush.' After some minutes a few brown deer rushed out of the woods, dashing along with great speed, heads erect, and antlers resting back on the neck; they were running in nearly a line with the bushes that hid us from their view, but in order to head them completely, we writhed ourselves through the grass some way.

'Presently, two or three loud roars, and three tigers made their appearance, bounding in chace after them. The deer were now within a short distance of us; my guide whispered to me, 'shoot at deer, me watch tiger.' I fired at the advancing herd, one rolled over; the other barrel, a second dropped to his knees wounded. At this moment the foremost tiger came within the range of Jack's rifle, which cracked off with a report that echoed far, and the animal instantly dropped dead. It was a steady aim and true shot. The guns were quickly reloaded; the two remaining tigers stopped suddenly, looked wildly round, and sprang off apparently terrified, with as much speed as they came in view.—*Ib.*, p. 58.

Their excursion was continued for several days, in the course of which they arrived at a small village called Tolo, where 'Jack' was well known. He acted as interpreter, and soon made the inhabitants acquainted with the medical character of Dr. Coulter. The consequence was as might have been expected. All claimed his aid, and fees in the shape of Spanish coins were pressed on his acceptance. What occurred was characteristic. Such a monitor is scarcely needed by the faculty at home. 'I thought,' says Dr. Coulter, 'I ought to refuse; and was in the act of so doing, when my very philosophic guide gave me a wink and a look, that plainly told me to pocket all that was offered; and I came to the conclusion that, although the medical profession was not generally a 'go-a-head' one at home, yet this instance, with many others I have experienced abroad, stamped it as one of the best recommendations I could have had; and particularly so, when favoured by the presence of so worthy a mentor as Jack had proved himself.' Our author's health subsequently failed by an injudicious exposure to the night-air, and it was consequently arranged that he should remain for a time at St. Francisco, in California, where the vessel had put in for supplies, and should rejoin the *Stratford*, if possible, at Tahiti, in the following



November. The object of his stay was speedily accomplished, and with returning health he commenced excursions into the interior, in company with a kind-hearted Jesuit priest. A brief account is given of the several missionary stations established by this fraternity, and of the methods which were originally adopted to induce the Indians to settle in their neighbourhood. These matters, however, are hastily dismissed, and may be found more fully treated of elsewhere. A lamentable view is given of the unsettled state of the country, and of the marauding habits of its people. Robbers are exceedingly numerous, and very active; and as they are generally on horseback, and are expert in the use of the lasso, they prove highly dangerous neighbours. 'The end of the dangerous lasso being firmly fastened to the saddle, enables the rider, as soon as his victim, either man or animal, is noosed, to whirl round his horse, and dash off like an Arab, dragging whatever he has fast after him.' The fur-hunters of the district are seldom molested by the robbers, though occasionally encounters take place, of which our author gives a desperate instance in the following passage.

'I once hunted for three months, in company with a hunter well known in California. In idea, he was wild, and imaginative in the extreme; but, in his acts of daring, etc., the most cool and philosophic fellow I ever knew. A comercianto, or merchant at St. Francisco, on whose veracity I know from experience I can depend, told me the following story of this man, which will at once illustrate his general character.

'This hunter was, some months before I had fallen in with him, making the best of his way down the valley of the Tule Lakes from the interior, with a heavy pack of furs on his back, his never-failing rifle in his hand, and his two dogs by his side. He was joined at the northernmost end of the valley by the merchant I have spoken of, who was armed only with sword and pistols. They had scarcely cleared the valley when a party of robbers galloped out before them. There were four whites fully armed, and two Indians with the lassos coiled up in their right hands 'ready for a throw.'

'The hunter told the merchant, who was on horseback, to dismount instantly, 'and to cover.' Fortunately for them, there was a good deal of thicket, and trunks of large trees that had fallen were strewed about in a very desirable manner. Behind these logs the merchant and the hunter quickly took up their position, and as they were in the act of doing so, two or three shots were fired after them without effect. The hunter coolly untied the pack of furs from his back and laid them beside him. 'It's my opinion, merchant,' said he, 'that them varmint there wants either your saddle-bags or my pack, but I reckon they'll get neither.' So he took up his rifle, fired, and the foremost Indian, lasso in hand, rolled off his horse. Another discharge from the rifle and the second Indian fell, whilst in the act of

throwing his lasso at the head and shoulders of the hunter as he raised himself from behind the log to fire. 'Now,' said the hunter, as he reloaded, lying on his back to avoid the shots of the robbers, 'that's what I call the best of the schrimmage, to get them brown thieves with their lassos out of the way first. See them rascally whites now jumping over the logs to charge us in our cover.'

'They were fast advancing, when the rifle again spoke out, and the foremost fell; they still came on to within about thirty yards, another fell, and the remaining two made a charge up close to the log. The hunter, from long practice, was dexterous in reloading his gun. 'Now, merchant,' said he, 'is the time for your pop-guns (meaning the pistols), and don't be at all nervous, keep a steady hand, and drop either man or horse. A man of them shan't escape.'

'The two remaining robbers were now up with the log, and fired each a pistol-shot at the hunter, which he escaped by dodging behind a tree close to, from which he fired with effect. As only one robber was left, he wheeled round his horse with the intention of galloping off, when the pistol bullets of the merchant shot the horse from under him. 'Well done, merchant,' said the hunter, 'you've stopped that fellow's gallop.' As soon as the robber could disentangle himself from the fallen horse, he took to his heels and ran down a sloping ground as fast as he could. The hunter drew his tomahawk from his belt, and gave chase after him. As he was more of an equestrian than a pedestrian, the nimbleness of the hunter soon shortened the distance between them, and the last of the robbers fell.

'Thus perished this dangerous gang of six, by the single hand of this brave hunter, and, as the 'comercianto' informed me, he acted as coolly and deliberately as if he were shooting tame bullocks for the market. The affair was rather advantageous to the hunter, for, on searching the saddle-bags and pockets of the robbers, he pulled forth some doubloons, and a few dollars, with other valuables, they had, no doubt, a short time previously, taken from some traveller; the saddle-bags, arms, and accoutrements of the four white men, were packed up, and made fast on the saddles of two horses, the hunter mounted a third, the merchant mounted another, his horse being shot, and thus they left the scene of action, the bodies of the robbers to the wolves, who were howling about them, and entered St. Francisco in triumph.

'The merchant told me he pressed this hunter to take money from him, for saving his life, but he would receive no favour from him but one, and that was a bed in his house to sleep in, whenever he came to St. Francisco; a room was at once allotted to his use, and he seems to enjoy the occupation of it much. 'And this is the reason,' said the merchant to me, 'why you see him loitering about my house so much.'—*Ib.*, pp. 164—168.

The black and brown bears of California are comparatively gentle animals, who keep themselves at 'a respectful distance' from the night-watch of the sportsman, 'wondering,' says Dr.

Coulter, 'what brought you there, and taking a look round to ascertain whether you have any spare meat left for their supper.' The case, however, is different with the grisly bear, whose size and muscular power render him a dangerous antagonist. Some idea may be formed of their strength from the fact, that they kill the largest bull with apparent ease. They are, moreover, distinguished by a singular tenacity of life.

'I was hunting one day,' says Dr. Coulter, 'at the foot of Mount St. Bernardino, situated in the parallel of  $34^{\circ}$  north latitude, in company with the hunter I have already spoken of. We were quietly seated, discussing a piece of roast venison, when the ugly visage of a grisly bear peeped out from some rocks about twenty yards on one side of us. We instantly jumped up and moved some distance off. The huge beast gradually drew himself out from his concealment and trotted briskly down to our fire, where, a few minutes before, we were roasting our venison. Not finding much there for him, he commenced galloping after us. The hunter said, 'I reckon this is an ugly customer. I'll take the first fire.'

'The shot was a true one: the ball hit the brute somewhere about the head, for all the blood was dripping down his face, and he gave a roar that echoed through the woods. 'What are you gaping at?' said the hunter to me, as I was watching the bear, expecting to see him roll over every second. 'Why don't you fire? A steady hand now!' I dropped on one knee to make sure of my aim, and fired. 'That's into his carcase. Give him the other barrel,' said the hunter. I did so, and with effect; yet he pursued us. 'This is a devil in earnest,' said my companion. 'Three balls in him now, and on he comes as fresh as ever. Run on, you, and load. I'm ready for him now.'

'I did so, and was quickly ready. As soon as my friend discharged his rifle into our pursuing antagonist, he ran past me further on to load again, whilst I stood and fired both barrels again at the bear. We continued on in this manner at a short distance from our dangerous enemy, like riflemen retreating. One stopped to fire while the other retreated to reload, until nearly a mile of ground was passed over, when this huge grisly bear dropped on his haunches and gave a thrilling roar, after receiving fifteen balls from our two guns.

'I relate this incident merely for the purpose of conveying to you an idea of the extreme tenacity of life these dangerous brutes possess. However, I have seen them killed with a single ball, and many of them with the second shot. But this one, that we ran so much risk with, was unusually large and fierce; and the hunter said, when he buried his tomahawk into the skull of the brute, as he yet, though blind with the shot, kept on his haunches; 'I'm of opinion, grisly bear, you're the biggest and hardest critter of your kind to kill ever I shot at.'

'As the hunter examined the huge brute now dead before us, he said, 'One gun would never have killed that bear. See, he has five



bullet-holes in his face and head. Only look at his claws! I know well that the greatest Indian chief on either side of the Rocky Mountains would be proud to wear them as a necklace! He cut off the paws, and told me they were mine. I declined, and said he must keep them. 'Very well, comrade,' said he. 'I'll just clean them handsome off, and wear them myself as a trophy. I judge there's not a man, either Ingin or white, in California, will have such a set of claws dangling on his breast.'—*Ib.*, pp. 178—180.

Having thoroughly recovered his health, Dr. Coulter was now anxious to rejoin his ship at Tahiti, and gladly, therefore, availed himself of the offer of Captain Trainer, of an American schooner, the 'Hound,' to proceed on his voyage. At the Drummond Islands, which they first touched, the gross immorality of the people was revoltingly exhibited. 'They give way,' says our author, 'to all sorts of barbarism and licentiousness; and I feel sorry to have it to say, that the generality of ships touching here (mostly English and American whalers), so completely encourage this immorality and vileness, that it is now the regular custom at the Kingsmill group.' This testimony is confirmatory of other reports, and goes far to account for the hostility to missionary labours which has been so frequently evinced by seafaring and commercial men. It is a lamentable fact, that the licentiousness of heathenism should be encouraged by men who have been reared amidst the institutions and teachings of Christianity. But so it is. The most formidable obstruction to the diffusion of our faith is found in the vicious morals of our own countrymen.

Dr. Coulter was present at a council meeting of the warriors of the island, and his description of the scene throws a fearful light on the state of society. One of the chiefs was killed in a dispute which arose, others were seriously wounded, and matters were with great difficulty prevented from proceeding to a general massacre. The atonement made for the slaughter of the chief illustrates the low estimate in which life is held, and the prevalence of a cruel sport formerly popular in England. It is thus described:—

'All differences were now at an end, but it was absolutely necessary, for honour sake, to appease the warriors of Hatta, and give them compensation for his death. This was soon effected by the party who killed him, presenting them with—what do you think? Why nothing more than six fighting cocks! Although I dare not laugh in the presence of the council, yet I could now, as I was clear of them, and did so in the most unequivocal manner, when I beheld and understood the nature of the peace-offering as compensation for the chiefs life! They rolled Hatta's body up in a mat, put their game-cocks carefully up in small bag-nets, and marched off in the

direction of their village, with their newly acquired birds and the corpse of their chief!"—*Ib.*, pp. 210, 211.

The 'Hound' was not permitted to sail without an attempt at seizure on the part of the natives. This is no uncommon occurrence, and in the present instance was clearly unprovoked; the captain having prohibited his men from indulging in the ordinary licentiousness of the place, and having conducted his barter with strict integrity. The ship's boat was employed in bringing off fire-wood from the beach, when,

'In a few minutes the four men on shore were observed to run with all their might down to the water's edge, followed by a crowd of armed natives. They had scarcely time to get into the boat and push her off from the beach, when the natives were close on, and throwing a number of spears at them, one of which took effect on one of the men. However, the remaining three got her off into deep water. The interpreter, who could not get into the boat, stole into the water at another point, unperceived by the natives, and swam off. They were all taken quickly on board, but there was no time to hoist the boat up, as the canoes, filled with armed men, were fast approaching.

'The seaman who was wounded in the boat died in a few minutes after reaching the deck: the spear had passed right through his chest. The men, all enraged at the loss of an excellent man and an esteemed messmate, were burning for revenge, and were waiting, with impatient eagerness, for the orders to slap at them. Trainer was at the gangway, with his eye on the advancing fleet of canoes; I was with him. We were well prepared. The short carronades were the most useful articles on the present occasion, and were loaded with grape. The crew were also armed.

'Well,' said the captain, 'I have been here several times, always treated them fairly and kindly, and now, without cause, they have killed one of our best men, and want to take my vessel, and murder us all. They shall catch it!' Thus spoke a really humane man, but he was irritated beyond all patience by the treachery of the natives and loss of his man. 'Now, my lads, are you ready?' 'Ay, ay, sir!' 'Remember, if we let these savages board us, not a man will be alive in ten minutes!' 'Never fear, sir. We'll pay them!' On the canoes came; they separated into two divisions, one advancing to the bows, the other towards the stern.

'Trainer keenly eyed them, whilst he made frequent exclamations, such as, 'Well, you want the schooner, I suppose?' etc. The natives in the canoes were yelling and screaming loudly enough, and brandishing their spears with as threatening an aspect as they could make, seemingly with the intention or for the purpose of cowing us. They approached within twenty yards, when the captain ordered the guns at the bow to be pointed fair for the batch of canoes ahead, while he arranged for those approaching the stern. 'Are you ready,

men, fore and aft?' 'Ay, ay, sir.' 'Let go, then.' The two carronades discharged their fatal showers of grape, and before the smoke had rightly cleared away, they were loaded, and again fired amongst the natives. 'Load again, my lads,' said the captain.

'There was scarcely any wind, and the smoke, which hung low on the water, was a few minutes in clearing away. The screaming of the wounded people was appalling. Some canoes were sunk or capsized, and numbers of natives were swimming towards the shore. Nevertheless, there were many of them yet that kept their ground, and had the reckless daring to make another bold push for the vessel's side.' 'Fire,' said the captain again, and another volley of grape flew amongst them. This discharge had not the great effect of the former ones, as the canoes were closer, and the contents of the guns had not distance enough to scatter. The savages seemed to comprehend this, and in another moment were clinging to the schooner's sides, endeavouring to board; but the rapid use of muskets and pistols ultimately drove them away in indescribable confusion, with, I am sorry to say, considerable loss.'—*Ib.* pp. 219—221.

In New Ireland, another of the islands visited, Dr. Coulter passed some time, and has gleaned many particulars, illustrative of the character, condition, and habits of the people. We can only make room for the following brief description of the punishment awarded to the indolent and vicious. Something of the same kind might be advantageously employed in cases nearer home:—

'The head chief often interferes in minor matters of a domestic nature; for instance, if a lazy fellow has a wife or two, and a few children, and through his love for fishing, dancing, and loitering idly about, neglects to bring in the necessary supplies for his family, a complaint is made, the chief visits the house in person, and if he sees just ground for punishment, he orders out the whole population of the village,—men, women, and children, arm themselves with a stiff birch made of small canes, they then form a long double line about six feet apart, and wait with anxious glee the approach of the delinquent.

'At last he is placed at one end of the lines amidst a shower of yells, screams, jibes, etc. The word is given by the chief, and away he darts at his utmost speed through the ranks, every one endeavouring to hit him as he passes. According to his deserts, he may get off with running the line once, or may have to do so twice or thrice; but he is skilled in cunning and fleetness that can run the lines even once, without having his skin tickled for him by the hearty application of the birch, wielded by some strong women!

'As the punishment is not of a fatal kind, the whole affair creates unrestricted merriment. If the victim is a smart fellow, he may escape with few blows; but if he is heavy, sulky, and dogged, he pays for it. Such a man comes off covered with welts on his bare



skin from his head to his heels. For one month afterwards his family are provided for by the public at large, under the fatherly superintendence of the chief. At the expiration of that time, if he has all his domestic matters in perfect order, as a good father and provident husband ought to have, he again resumes his place in society, and shortly afterwards, perhaps helps, with an experienced hand, to flagellate some one else.'—*Ib.* pp. 278, 279.

At New Guinea, the 'Hound' joined an American brig, commanded by Captain Stewart, an old acquaintance of our author, and of Captain Trainer. They agreed to proceed together, and it was well for the American that they did so. At M'Clure's Inlet, they fell in with a Dutch trader, the supercargo and part owner of which, 'a fine, manly, intelligent young man, named Miller, 'had married a daughter of one of the chiefs.' Dr. Coulter and he became warm friends, and it was speedily arranged that they should spend some time on shore. They proceeded in their canoe along a river which had much of the appearance of a canal, and the domestic circle and furniture of the European, thus strangely domiciled, are described in the following terms:—

'When better than half way through the town a platform, much larger than any of the rest, showed itself prominently forward. On it there were four houses, and one of them, larger than the rest, presented (here) the unusual appearance of a shingle roof, the sides of it were shining yellow, from its being formed of the split bamboo. This house, or rather crib, was my friend Miller's, and our canoe had scarcely touched the landing when we were vociferously received by his savage relations.

'The person of his father-in-law was particularly prominent in the group. He was a tall man, hair combed out about three feet from the head, light blue tattooing on his chest, sides, and legs; the tortoise-shell ring suspended from his nose was large enough to display his large mouth, with the red-stained teeth. The matting round his waist was particularly fine, and ornamented with the bright coloured feathers of the lorie; the nails of his hands were particularly long, indicative of his high rank, as well as his never having been engaged in manual labour of any kind. In his right hand he held a beautifully carved and ornamented spear, and was altogether a splendid specimen of savageism; but with all this barbarous display, there was a kindness in his look that prepossessed me in his favour.

'Miller's wife was squatted on a mat, with her infant son in her arms. She was fine featured, rather tall, and more muscular than my friend, her English spouse. She was partly enveloped in a mantle of blue Surat cloth; several strings of bright blue china beads encircled her neck. She seemed to take great interest in her child, and her eyes glowed with delight in beholding its smiles.

'The picture was sadly deformed by a broken-backed brother of her's who sat near her, grinning like a demon. You may guess the opinion I formed of this 'Caliban,' when my friend Miller told me he was guilty of every species of savage barbarity, cannibalism amongst the rest. Three comely young girls and four athletic lads made up Miller's friends and relations; and, after the introduction was over, I could not avoid congratulating him on his extraordinary alliance.

'The articles in the houses generally consisted of calabashes, china ware, and pottery of Papuan manufacture, made by the women, who are generally very industrious, often wielding the axe whilst their husbands are fishing, hunting the wild hog, or engaged in war with some of the neighbouring tribes. After viewing the centre and suburbs of this Papuan town, I was accommodated with an apartment in Miller's house. The partition (if I may so term it) consisted of a mat of cocoa-nut fibre suspended so as to form a separate room.

'The four boys were very amusing, and as it was not quite sleeping time yet, I beckoned them into this apartment of mine, where the young urchins began and continued a wild Papuan dance, which highly diverted me, but annoyed my friend so much, that he bawled out, 'For goodness sake hunt them out, and let's have quietness.' The little fellows crouched and crawled out in silence, making all sorts of grimaces, and the buzzing of the mosquito alone disturbed me during the remainder of the night.'—Vol. ii. pp. 139—142.

On leaving M'Clure's Inlet, the American brig was attacked by four large Malay prows, and the 'Hound' being at a distance, and the weather foggy, its position was extremely critical. Captain Trainer, however, speedily bore down in the direction of his friend's guns, and, happily, arrived in good time. The Malays were repulsed, though not until they had done considerable damage to the hull and rigging of the American:—

'The Malays who manned the prows appeared to be a hardy, athletic set of men, and seemed to have daring enough for any exploit. They were of a dark brown complexion, had a kind of turban on their heads of blue cloth, and a fold of the same round the waist, something like a Highlander's kilt, kept up about the waist by a belt or sash of cloth. Their arms were pikes, a few pistols, and the deadly 'creese,' a long curved dagger, an instrument of formidable appearance, and deadly effect in close combat. The gun they had fitted on a strong platform in the bow of the prow; but we had no opportunity of examining it, as all sank when the vessel was destroyed. It was the opinion of both Stewart and Trainer that they belonged to the islands more to the westward, were cruising piratically about here for the present, and had merely taken temporary refuge at the island of Ceram.'—*Ib.* pp. 158, 159.

They subsequently again made the land of New Guinea, and in sailing along it, in a south-eastern direction, could distinctly see at night the flames of a large volcano. Entering a wide river, they proceeded up it some miles without discovering any trace of inhabitants. Captain Trainer and our author, with four active young sailors, went on shore for the purpose of reconnoitering. Snakes were found to be numerous, and of a great size, but timid, and not venomous. Rats, as large as an ordinary cat, also abounded, together with lizards, wild ducks, and black hawks. Hungry and tired, they shot a wild hog, and were engaged in the agreeable occupation of consuming it with some wild plantains, when they were startled by the appearance of an unexpected visitor. But Dr. Coulter shall tell his own tale:—

‘ Whilst engaged in this agreeable occupation, a man of wild and strange appearance, with a hog-spear in his hand, and a large dog at each side of him, was observed walking towards us; we all started to our feet, gun in hand. As the land far beyond him was clear of forest, or cover of any kind, we allowed him to approach near to us, and to our amazement discovered that he was a white man! only well browned by exposure to the sun; he was tall, very athletic; his long brown hair hung low on his shoulders, divided at the forehead, so as to allow a bold, open, manly face to show itself between each portion of it. His only garment was a small mat round his loins.

‘ ‘ In the name of all that’s happy,’ said Trainer, ‘ who are you?’

‘ ‘ I’m a Horrify.’

‘ ‘ A what?’

‘ ‘ A Horrify’—(meaning a Horrafora).

‘ ‘ I’m king of a tribe of Horrifies now; my people’s not far off; but tear-an-agers, gentlemen, di yees think I was always here? No, be me sowl, I wasn’t; I was born in the ould country, I mane ould Ireland, and that’s all about it now. Have yees any of the dead pig left? I’ll taste some first, and tell yees my whole histry afterwards; for throth I’m tired and hungry after some divarshion among the wild pigs.’—*Ib.* p. 170.

The story of this white man was soon told. He was an Irishman, who had deserted from the army, and was subsequently transported to Australia, for joining the midnight riotings of his country. He had escaped from Sidney with two others, and after having endured almost incredible hardships, they reached New Guinea, when eight of their number were slain in an encounter with the natives. Terence Connel and his companion ultimately effected their escape, and fell into the hands of a tribe which was at war with their first captors. To this tribe they rendered material service in a great battle that was soon afterwards fought, and in which Hutton was slain. Connel was



ultimately made chief, and his authority was now exerted for the safety of our author and his companions. It is an undoubted fact that the Europeans who become naturalized amongst savages, prove more treacherous than their adopted countrymen. This is not to be wondered at, and it was some time, therefore, before the 'man of Kerry' had the confidence of his visitors. He invited them to proceed to his village, and a moment's consideration satisfied them that it was best, on the whole, to comply. They had but a choice of evils, and the following considerations determined their preference:—

'We hesitated at first to place confidence in him, or accept of his invitation to proceed with him to his tribe; but, situated as we were, night near at hand, the Horraforas not far off, together with the fact stated to us by Connel, that his tribe were at present at war with another on the opposite side of the river, and that, probably, after night the very spot on which we enjoyed our refreshing meal would be occupied with the scouts of either, armed with poisoned arrows, was altogether an argument sufficiently convincing to make us place ourselves under the protection of our new friend, the chief of the Horraforas.

'Gintlemen,' said our guide and protector, 'av it's plasín to you all, I think we had betther be movin down, for troth and faith, it won't be safe travellin hereabouts much later.' We took his advice, and he headed our party as guide. As we proceeded along he kept the more open forest, or conducted us circuitously to the open ground where there were neither trees, thicket, nor any other kind of cover, and the cautious manner in which he acted otherwise, stopping occasionally to look well ahead of us, as well as all round, made it evident that we were traversing a part of the country where danger might be expected: so we kept our guns thrown forward ready for instant use.

'The scenery as we passed along was beautifully varied: we might term it ruggedly wild. The trees were of magnificent height, some of them with stems of sixty feet high before a branch was thrown off,—timber capable of making splendid spars for a first-rate man-of-war: indeed, they closely resembled the pine-tree of New Zealand. There were other trees that contrasted strongly with the one I have mentioned, particularly a kind of mahogany tree: it had a very spreading branchy top, with a clean stem of not more than fifteen or twenty feet high, but of such enormous girth that it took four of us, with joined hands, to encircle it, and in some instances even that did not suffice. Its branches and thick foliage formed an agreeable shade for the birds, or lodging for the night, as they were full of them, particularly the black and red lorie, together with owls, etc., all of whom seemed to rest harmoniously together in this extensive common abode. The wild cat was plentiful here, and whole flocks of the bird of paradise whisked over our heads, flying very low, but fast, to their resting-place for the night.

'At last, after an annoying, hurried, and zigzag march of it, he suddenly wheeled into a dark wood, and we no longer avoided any thicket that might afford a favourable spot for an ambush. We now proceeded straight on in the direction of the setting sun, and were soon not a little surprised to find ourselves within a line of scouts in close ambush, to all of whom, as we passed along, Connel spoke a few words, giving them directions of some kind or other. They were all armed with lances, a bow, and a kind of quiver full of arrows, fully five feet long, all of which were poisoned.

'We're safe now, captain,' said our guide; 'we're within our own lines; these scouts are all my min, and a clane set of boys they are too. It's well, gintlemen,' addressing us all, 'that I'm with you, for if you'd come near this ambush unprotected, the arrows would be sticking in your blessed bodies as thick as pins in a pincushion; and yees not know where they came from. Look up into that tree, to the right, di yees see that brown-hided garsoon taking a look all over the country before the sun goes down? See him how he gaps across the river.'

'It was quite evident that Providence protected us here by the timely arrival of Connel, for it was the same route that we intended to have taken prior to bivouacking for the night. Our guns would have availed us nothing, for the arrows would have killed us, without our being able to discover an enemy to shoot at.'—*Ib.* pp.183—186.

The whole district was, in fact, possessed by two hostile tribes, in a state of warfare, and it was marvellous that our travellers had escaped unhurt. On arriving at an immensely spreading tree, Connel gave a loud and shrill whistle, when 'flambeau after flambeau flitted down the pole out of the trees, and soon the whole wood was gradually illuminated by hundreds of torches borne by the natives, and all wending their way,' says Dr. Coulter, 'to where we stood:—

'Every object around was distinctly visible, even to the bright green leaves on the trees, and what astonished us most, was their plan of building the houses amongst the branches; the notched stick was the ladder to go up and down by. In fact they were like crows in a rookery; for they had their houses, or rather nests, up in the trees; and after each family retired for the night, the pole also was hauled up, to guard against surprise. Connel made Trainer and me ascend into his house, having first bundled out a lot of children.

'The inhabitants of two neighbouring houses were ordered by the peremptory Connel to quit, and our four men were housed, two in each nest. Then, with all the warmth of an Irish heart, did this poor outcast place before every one of us an abundance of pork, bread-fruit, young cocoa-nuts, plantain, and the sap of sugar-cane, etc., and told us to make ourselves as snug as we could among the savages. 'If he had betther, he'd give it to us; and we might sleep sound too, for wee'd be well guarded.' We first really and heartily

enjoyed our supper, and afterwards, perhaps, as sound a sleep as any white men ever did amongst the barbarians of New Guinea.'—*Ib.* p. 191.

Their houses were, in truth, built in the trees, and their habits were of the simplest possible kind. A sanguinary battle subsequently ensued, in which the fire-arms of his guests afforded Terence Connel material aid, which he faithfully rewarded by reconducting them to their ship. The parting scene has in it more than an ordinary mixture of romance:—

'Being now ready for sea, Connel left the 'Hound,' being well satisfied with his trading with us, and particularly the possession of a double-barrelled fowling-piece with four ships' muskets and bayonets, and ammunition enough to last him a long time. We accompanied him to the water-run, where his warriors were encamped waiting for him. Trainer, having previously pressed him hard to leave the savages and come with us, made him a last earnest offer of a passage to any part he chose to land at. 'Captain, jewel, yeer mighty kind, intirely; and if I'd go with any man living, it 'ud be with ye. It's myself 'ill be sorrowful many's the long day after yees go: but no matter.'

'The last words were spoken in a low voice, hoarse with emotion, then he shook himself up and continued, 'What's the use in a disarter and a runaway convict, iver draming of returning agin to the ould counthry. No, no, captain, jewel, I'll stop may be as long as I live with this tribe of Horraforas, and my bones most likely 'ill be burned with the rest, for that's the way we ind it here. Yees were all in a scrape with thim, 'White Paints.' I tould yees I'd see all safe aboard again. Didn't Terry Connel keep his word?'

'You did, my brave fellow,' said Trainer. 'Can I do any thing else for you?' 'Nothin,' said Connel. With that he took a hand of each of us, and pressed it warmly awhile. This, as it were, demon of a man in fight, seemed overpowered with deep feeling. He stared at us for a few seconds. His eyes glistened with moisture, and, without uttering a word, suddenly let go our hands and rushed madly away amongst his own savages, who were already on the move; who, as soon as he joined, gave a parting yell to us, and continued their march at a rapid rate up by the water-run.

'We gazed after Connel and his wild body-guard, until they entered a patch of forest which concealed them from our sight. Thus disappeared from our view, a bold, warm-hearted man, though wild and reckless in character; by folly of his own, making him an outcast from, I may say, all Christian society. We were soon on board, and taking advantage of a fresh breeze, we got under weigh and stood out for the eastward.'—*Ib.*, p. 254.

What a strange compound is human nature! Who can say what such a man might have been, under other, and more favourable circumstances?

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ART. V. *A Catholic History of England.* By William Bernard McCabe. Vol. I. 8vo. London: T. C. Newby. 1847.

THIS work professes to be a 'History of England as written by the ancient Annalists, Chroniclers, Biographers, and Historians of England,' being monks. The author says, that these were, 'in every instance, beyond the sphere of those motives by which but too many of our modern writers have been prompted to make the materials of our annals subservient to the prejudices and interests of party.' No doubt they were; for it is obvious that the influence of modern parties could not be felt in the middle ages. But were they wholly free from other influences equally fitted to shake our confidence in the truth of their narratives? Were they not ignorant of the laws of historical evidence—were they not superstitious, and excessively credulous? But, supposing these monkish narrators to be perfectly trustworthy, not only from their integrity and love of truth, but also from their general intelligence, and the soundness of their judgment; still we might have some difficulty in receiving their testimony, as arranged and dressed up by such hands as those of Mr. McCabe.

He tells us, indeed, that this will not be the 'history of the individual whose name appears on the title-page;' it will not be like '*Lingard's History of England*,' or '*Hume's History of England*,'—in which 'the names of the respective authors assure us where we may hope to meet with truth, and where we have to fear the wiles of insincerity. We find in these, as in all others, the materials of history exposed to a purifying or a debasing process; but in none is there afforded to the reader the opportunity of judging for himself.' Now, if in the pages of Dr. Lingard, to whom Mr. McCabe here alludes, we may be sure of meeting truth; if he has subjected the materials of history to a purifying process, our author's '*Catholic History*' must be a work of supererogation. Surely, the modern reader suffers no loss by having the vague, incoherent, declamatory and turgid narratives of the monks subjected to a careful sifting, so that facts may be separated from the masses of fiction in which they are buried? We do not find that anything is here added to those facts which the students of history need care about; and few intelligent catholics, we fancy, will thank Mr. McCabe for his additions to Dr. Lingard.

What proof have we of his impartiality in the selection and arrangement of his materials? Who can tell how much he has suppressed that might have given a different colouring to the

narrative? He has, in fact, given us ample reason to consider him an unsafe guide, in the bitterly-controversial notes with which his work abounds. He constantly labours to disparage protestant England and its institutions,—to place modern times in the shade, and make them appear dark and barbarous, in comparison with the middle ages—that golden era, when ‘the church’ reigned over Europe. We shall have to notice some curious specimens of this *animus* in the course of our subsequent remarks.

Another claim put forth by the author is, that a leading feature in the work will be a *history of the poor*, eschewing the evil custom that has too long prevailed, of ‘marking only the movements of the few and gaudy figures that float upon the surface, while the particles of the mighty mass by which they are upborne, have remained unexamined, unanalysed, and unknown.’ We are sorry to say, that in this part of his plan Mr. M’Cabe has wholly failed. He has thrown little or no light on the condition of the masses of the Anglo-Saxon people; and he has alluded to the poor only when it was necessary to glorify the church and the monks, and to point a sarcasm at protestantism and poor-laws.

Of the boundless credulity of the author, the easy faith with which he receives the most enormous fictions, we shall have illustrations enough as we proceed. These will be found such as wholly to destroy the credit of his work as a contribution to history; and the arrogance with which he treats the most eminent modern historians, excites a mingled feeling of anger and contempt, which the reader finds it difficult to restrain. How ridiculous is it in a writer, of whose name nobody knew anything till it appeared on the title-page of a ‘Catholic History,’ to call Thierry and Michelet ‘unfortunate persons,’ ‘slanderrers,’ devoid of every noble sentiment, (p. 171.) All through the work, wherever the statement of a historian clashes with a monkish record, however incredible or evidently false that record may be, the statement is rejected with disdain, as coming from an ‘anti-catholic’ authority, and, therefore, not worthy of a moment’s consideration. In fact, we know of no author who has undertaken to write history, whose spirit is so uniformly intolerant. When men of the highest character for talent, intelligence, and integrity are denounced as ‘unhappy persons’ for differing in opinion with the church, we may be sure that persecution is not dead,—the dragon only sleepeth; and the sunshine of power would soon restore him to the fierce life which he had when pampered by the inquisition.

A collection of the narratives of the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman period of our history would no doubt be valuable, as

presenting a picture of the times, and showing how men believed, and what opinions and customs prevailed in the days of the writers. But no man who is not blinded by bigotry or prejudice, can take the authority of a monk of the middle ages for any fact of his own or preceding times, without corroborating evidence, or internal credibility. They had quite a passion for the marvellous. They saw miracles everywhere, and unless we greatly wrong them, they often cunningly got them up in order to gull the ignorant multitude. Perhaps the reader will be of the same opinion, when we give a few specimens of the most presentable prodigies, which Mr. M'Cabe has selected, exercising a discrimination quite unwarrantable, in dealing with the supernatural. Genuine miracles are too good to be left in oblivion; and when the same authority on which we rely for those which we adopt as true, is as solemnly pledged for the credit of the spurious, honesty and candour, that love of truth, of which our author boasts, would require us to reject the whole mass.

Our author puts into his text, for a respectable beginning, the legend of Joseph of Arimathea, with twelve saints, being sent by St. Philip, in the year 63, to preach the gospel in Britain. They founded the Abbey of Glastonbury, 'and here they passed their time, in watching, in fasting, and in prayer, and here we may well believe, for it is consistent with piety to do so, they were often aided by and through *her* (the virgin) in all their necessities.' In a note, the author states that Dr. Lingard rejects this legend, and he himself admits that it cannot be credited. 'Then why print it in large type, as part of the history of England? (p. 21.) Mr. M'Cabe, however, has no misgiving about the miracles of St. Alban, the proto-martyr of England, especially as his faith is sustained by the admission of the credulous Collier, the misnamed Protestant historian. On the top of a hill, 'fittingly joyous in its aspect, and pleasing in appearance,' St. Alban prayed to God,—

'And instantly a fresh fountain of water, running in a confined stream, burst upon the earth beneath his feet; so that all present might testify that the torrent was obedient to the martyr. . . . The stream then having performed its office,—and its ministration being completed in thus giving proof of its *obedience*, returned to that course, which, according to its nature, it was destined to pursue. . . . . As to the man who had laid his impious hands upon the sacred person of Alban, he was not permitted to rejoice over the dead body; for *his eyes fell out of his face on the earth*, along with the head of the blessed martyr.'

Can any of our readers imagine a connexion between the death of Alban and the penal laws against catholics? Perhaps not. Then let them hear Mr. M'Cabe:—



‘St. Alban was put to death, because he had given shelter in his house, and endeavoured to save from persecution, a Christian priest. By the twenty-seventh of Queen Elizabeth, all persons, who received, relieved, comforted, aided or maintained a priest, deacon or other ecclesiastical person, were destined to be felons without benefit of clergy. This law was violated by catholics, and for its violation, they were, like St. Alban, martyred.’—p. 39.

St. Germanus performed many miracles when he came over from Gaul to convert the British Pelagians. He embarked in the winter season, and was overtaken by a furious tempest, ‘which he appeased by casting some drops of blessed oil, according to St. Constantinus; but according to Bede, of holy water into the sea, having first invoked the adorable Trinity.’ Everywhere Germanus and his colleague Lupus, were welcomed and obeyed by the people, chiefly because of their power of working miracles :—

‘The malignant propagators of the heretical doctrines for a long time hid themselves from the public view—like evil spirits, they groaned to behold the good they could not prevent; but at last they took courage and ventured to enter into a contest with the holy priests. They came to it arrayed in rich attire, making a display of their great wealth, and supported by the opinions of many. . . . The people were listeners and judges; the litigants were most unequally matched, for here was Divine faith; there, human presumption: with the one was Christ, with the other, Pelagius!’

In argument the Pelagians, of course, lost the day, and the people could hardly be restrained from laying violent hands on them. But a still greater triumph awaited the orthodox missionaries. With admirable theatrical effect, the art of producing which was well understood by the monks of the middle ages, a miracle was arranged, to crown the victory :—

‘It was at this moment,’ says the Catholic History of England—‘that a person vested with the powers of a tribune, and accompanied by his wife, on a sudden presented himself in the midst of the multitude, and tendered his daughter, a child ten years of age, to the priests, in order that they might cure her of her blindness with which she was afflicted. The priests desired the child might first be brought to their adversaries; but these now completely conscience-stricken, joined their prayers to the request of the parents for the cure of the young girl. Germanus filled with the Holy Ghost, invoked the aid of the Divine Trinity, and then removing from his side the small casket containing the relics of saints, he, in the view of all, applied it to the eyes of the child, and instantly the darkness that had clouded her vision was dispersed, and the light of truth shone upon them. The parents rejoiced, but the people trembled

at this miracle: and from that day forth the pernicious error was obliterated, whilst the doctrines of the church were imbibed by all, who now showed an eagerness to receive and a determination to retain them.'—p. 85.

Bede is the authority for these wonders. He was by far the most eminent, learned, and trustworthy of the monkish chroniclers. We may therefore safely apply to him and his order the maxim, *Ex uno disce omnes*.

The next exploit of Germanus was somewhat military in its nature. The Saxons and Picts united their forces to make war upon the Britons, who, unable to meet their enemies on the field, applied to the holy priests. 'Germanus declared he would act as the general of an army, who were now truly Christians. He selected an active troop, and, with them, having reconnoitered the adjacent country,' the general took up a proper position; and when the enemy was coming up, according to previous arrangement,—

'The priests three times repeated the word *Halleluiah*, and with one voice the same word burst forth from their followers—the sound reverberated through the hills, and came back again in the thundering clamours of a thousand shouting echoes. The enemy was panic-stricken with terror—it seemed to them as if not merely the rocks were falling down to crush them, but as if heaven itself were descending to annihilate them. Confused, amazed, horrified, they fled, &c.'—p. 87.

At length Gregory sent his missionaries to convert the Saxons. 'And who and what they were,' says John Milton, in his *History of England*, 'may be guessed by the stuff which they brought with them—vessels and vestments for the altar, copes, relicks; and, for the archbishop Austin, a pall to say mass in; to such a rank superstition that age was grown, though some of them yet retaining an emulation of apostolic zeal.' At Canterbury they built a monastery; and Bede relates that 'Peter, the first abbot of this monastery—the Priest Peter—was drowned in a bay. . . . The body was picked up, and buried in an obscure place; but God, wishing to give proof of the extraordinary merits of the deceased, a shining light appeared every night over his grave. It was at length perceived by the inhabitants, and, upon their inquiry, they were at last able to ascertain the name of the saint. The body was subsequently removed to Boulogne, and there interred in a manner suitable to the merits of so good a man.' (p. 189.)

Augustine set about refuting the schismatic Britons in the same manner which proved so effectual with Germanus, against the Pelagians. Arguments, prayers, and exhortations, having

proved unavailing, to make them submit to the chair of Peter:—

‘St. Augustine put an end to the lengthened and troublesome controversy by saying:—‘Let us pray to God—to Him, who gives to those who have but one thought and one mind, a dwelling in his Father’s mansion, that he may, by some sign or miracle, intimate which tradition is to be followed, and by what way there is the easiest access to his kingdom. Let some sick person be brought amongst us, and by the prayers of whomsoever the cure of that person is effected, be his faith and rule of knowledge received, as that which is the most approved of by God.’ ‘The adversaries of St. Augustine, unwillingly acceded to this proposal. An Englishman deprived of sight was brought into the midst of the synod. He was first presented to the British priests; but no alleviation, much less a cure for his affliction, was received through their ministry. Then Augustine forced by a great and just necessity, fell upon his knees, and prayed aloud to God, &c.’ ‘The blind saw! light was given to his eyes, and Augustine was proclaimed by all as the preacher of that which was true.’—p. 193.

The Roman missionaries had ‘a short way of ending disputes about religion.’ A blind man or woman, trained for the occasion, could at any time be made the *ductor dubitantium*, and thus triumphantly terminate a long and troublesome controversy. Mr. McCabe can, of course, see no proof of arrogance in the stranger, Augustine, declining to rise from his seat when the British bishops were introduced to him. His reasons present us with a singular specimen of catholic logic, as well as catholic history:—

‘The life of Augustine was one of obedience; his coming to England at the command of St. Gregory, when the perils of death, as he had been persuaded lay before him, showed his willingness to submit to his superiors. The ‘arrogant’ archbishop is described by the ancient writers, as travelling about England, *Tam post praesulatum quam ante pedes absque vehiculo, patiens laborum.*’

*Ergo*, there was no arrogance in his refusing to stand up to receive brother bishops delegated to meet him on equal terms in conference. Our author forgets to tell us of his attempt to get jurisdiction over the bishops of Gaul, for which he was rebuked by Gregory; and of his vain-glory in regard to his miracles, which called forth some broad hints from the same quarter. It is thus that our catholic historian shows his partizanship. He is a thick and thin defender of everything which priests and monks have ever done in England; while in everything Protestant, his lynx-eyed bigotry detects the cloven foot. It is really painful to read such a work, after laying down Dr. Lingard’s



*Anglo-Saxon Church.* That gentleman, priest though he is, has too strong and liberal a mind, to force upon his readers such undiluted doses of the marvellous, as those which Mr. M'Cabe draws from his monkish pharmacopœia.

It is well known that the catholic ritual is now stereotyped; that you meet the same mass, in the same language, all over the world. This is the boast of its champions. It was not so in the days of Augustine, and this is a point which our author has disingenuously tried to evade. Questions relating to forms and ceremonies, are enforced as rigidly as articles of faith. Gregory had much more liberal notions in these matters.—

'It is my wish,' wrote he, to Augustine, 'that you sedulously select what you may think most acceptable to Almighty God, be it in the *Roman*, in the *Gallican*, or in *any other church*; and introduce into the church of the Angles that which you shall have so collected; for things are not to be loved for the sake of places, but places for the sake of good things. Choose, therefore, from the several churches, whatever is pious and religious, and right, and these, gathered as it were into one whole, instil as observances into the minds of the Angles.'—p. 198.

Here is a clear proof of diversity of forms and ceremonies in the churches of those times. All had not yet been cast into the mould of Rome. Nor was the mould itself finished at this time.

Laurence, the successor of Augustine, was greatly discouraged by the unbelief of the Saxon princes. He was about to abandon the country in despair; but before doing so, he directed that his bed should be placed in the porch of the church of St. Peter and Paul at Canterbury. There 'the blessed prince of the apostles appeared to him, and then, in the dead hour of night, *afflicted his body with stripes*, and shook his soul, with severe rebukes, because he was about to fly from the flock. Next he went to the king, and exposed his lacerated shoulders, stating that St. Peter had done it all, because he was going away, and intimating that all this was for the king's salvation. His majesty was overwhelmed with sudden fear, and filled with an abhorrence of idolatry; he put away his wicked wife, and embraced the faith.

The author of the '*Catholic History of England*,' devoutly believes that Peter came from heaven specially to inflict this flagellation—to convince St. Lawrence by this *striking* argument; and he is very angry with the '*anti-catholic*' historians, Sharon Turner and Lappenberg, who represent the miracle as a '*contrivance*' and a '*device*,' designed to work on the fears of the king. The latter says, justly, that this affords a striking instance of the means, it is to be feared, too frequently em-

ployed in propagating the new faith among our simple forefathers.' This is answered by Mr. M'Cabe, by abusing these simple forefathers as pagans, savages, and great sinners! And he accuses such writers as Turner and Lappenberg, of 'barbarous ignorance of past history.' (p. 223-4.)

Prince Edwin, persecuted by the opponents of his rights, was one day musing alone, when a stranger appeared to him, and obtained a promise that, if restored to the kingdom, which the stranger assured him he should be, he would be obedient to the instructions of him by whom so great a favour would be obtained. The stranger then laid his right hand upon his head, and said—'When this sign shall again be given you, think of this time, and of our discourse, and do not then delay to fulfil that which you now promise.' He then disappeared, and Edwin at once perceived that he had spoken not with a man, but with a spirit.' So says Bede. This vision was very opportunely *revealed* to St. Paulinus, who meant to profit by it, and, as may be easily guessed, needed no ghost to tell him the whole affair. One day, when Edwin had reached the throne, Paulinus came in suddenly, laid his hand on the king's head, and asked whether he recognised that sign. He did so at once, submitted to the bishop, and embraced the Christian religion. Here, again, our author complains that the 'miraculous revelation to Paulinus, of the vision of King Edwin, has excited the ire of anti-catholic historians.' Rapin, Tindal, Turner, are guilty of 'utter unfairness in every thing that relates to the catholic church,' because they cannot see the finger of God, in the pious tricks of the Anglo-Saxon bishops; and he says, loftily, 'we prefer ancient catholic authority to the modern anti-catholic, and not very sensible, nor very honest suggestions of Mr. Turner, or of M. Rapin-Tindal.' 'One Protestant authority,' however, old Collier, comes to the rescue of St. Paulinus and his advocate, and, 'to his honour,' treats the matter in a different manner.' (p. 240.)

King Oswald obtained a victory over 'the accursed king of the British' (says Bede), by fastening a cross in the ground, and praying before it. And Bede tells us, that 'innumerable miracles are known to have been effected on that spot, where he prayed in presence of his army; and even to this very day small chips taken from the wood of that cross and placed in water, of which men or cattle have drunk, or been sprinkled with, have been known to restore them to health from a state of sickness.'

Bede, whom Mr. M'Cabe regards as a careful and 'scrupulous author,' speaking of his own times, and from personal knowledge, relates the following:—'A monk of Hexham, while

incautiously walking on the ice, fell, and fractured his arm. But having obtained a portion of the dried moss taken from the surface of the cross, he placed it in his bosom (for our author, not Bede, but Mr. M'Cabe, reminds us that the monks had no pockets, not having any money to put in them); through forgetfulness, he did not remove the moss when going to bed. When awakened at midnight he felt something cold lying by his side. He moved his hand to see what it was, and then discovered that his hand and arm were as perfectly recovered as if they had never suffered any injury.' The brother on whom this miracle was performed was living when Bede wrote. The reader may judge what credit is due to him as an historian. And if we cannot believe him, which of the fraternity, who looked up to him with admiration as a father and a guide, is worthy of the least attention when they touch on the marvellous? (p. 271.)

St. Aiden worked a famous miracle with King Oswald, *teste* the Venerable Bede. The king and the bishop were seated at a table covered with dainty food, arranged upon one large silver salver. The king desired all to be given to the poor, and the salver, itself, to be broken in pieces and divided among them. The bishop grasped the royal hand, and exclaimed, 'May this hand never perish!' 'It was,' says Bede—

'A benediction destined to be fulfilled; for when this generous sovereign was afterwards killed in battle—the hand that had been thus blessed, was with the arm cut from the body, and both remain to this day, free from the taint of corruption.'—p. 281.

Still more wonderful was the miracle performed by Birinus. The apostles never attempted anything like it. We must give the very words of this narrative from the 'Brompton Chronicle':—

'As Birinus was about to proceed upon his voyage, he offered up the mass, which he celebrated for the prosperity of the mission on which he was about to enter. He was called in haste from his holy duty to go on board. He hurried to the vessel,—the anchors were raised—the wind blew freshly for the voyage, and the waves rolled as if hastening towards the port to which he was to proceed. At that moment, Birinus recollected that a corporal, on which the body of the Lord had been consecrated, and itself containing the holy sacrament, which had been given him by the Pope, and that he always wore, except when saying mass, had been left by him on the altar in Genoa. Amid the tumult, it was vain to hope that the sailors would wait for him to go again on shore, and return with that precious relic. What was to be done? Birinus was armed with faith. He descended from the ship to the sea, and on the sea he walked



to the shore, as if the path on which he trod was dry as the firm sand! His hope was fulfilled—his faith rewarded—what he sought for was recovered; and again he returned the same way in which he departed to a vessel moveless amid the bounding waves, and a gale freshly blowing for a prosperous voyage!

Mr. M'Cabe quotes some authorities in his notes on this miracle, which are too curious to be omitted:—

'Thus,' says the Right Rev. Dr. Milner, 'our apostle began the conversion of the West Saxons, before he landed in their territory. *This prodigy is so well attested by the most judicious historians*, that those who have the greatest interest to deny it, have not dared openly to do so. If there is any faith in history, and unless an absolute scepticism takes place, it must be admitted that miracles were frequently wrought, not only at the conversion of our ancestors, but also during the time that they continued in their primitive fervour and strength of faith.'—Milner's History of Winchester, vol. i. p. 68.

Mr. Hearne, in his notes on 'William, of Newburgh,' vol. iii. p. 773, remarks:—

'I know of no truly religious person but what is affected with what now remains of the historical painting in Dorchester windows, relating to Birinus's voyage thither, and his converting the heathens.'—p. 283.

King Oswald, of the incorruptible arm, died fighting for his country.—

'The mere soil on which his body lay in the battle, seems to have been consecrated by his blood, for many, by taking a mere particle of the dust, mixing it with water, and drinking it, have been relieved from their infirmities. Such benefit has been felt from this, and so much has it been practised, that the gradual removal of the earth, has caused the formation of a foss, so deep, that a person can stand in it to his full height. Brompton who wrote,' says Dr. M'Cabe, some centuries after Beda, observes, '*in loco autem coedis illius miracula usque hodie plura fierunt.*'—p. 301.

What a melancholy picture does all this present of the intellectual and moral condition of our Saxon forefathers! Think of such matters being gravely related by the most enlightened men in the country; and of this miracle of the holy clay, believed in by generation after generation, for centuries! There is nothing now in these islands to equal such credulity, except the superstition of the most ignorant of the peasantry in the wildest parts of Ireland; though the prodigies of the holy coat of Treves, and of the sacred heart, show that the most civilized

nations of the continent may, even in the nineteenth century, become the theatre of impostures as daring, and credulity as widespread, as any which flourished in the most barbarous ages. The church of Rome and human nature are still the same. Mr. M'Cabe must excuse us when we say that in our judgment Wade, in his *British History*, has truly described these miserably dark ages:—

‘Reverence towards saints and relics was deemed, almost a higher object than adoration of the Deity; monastic observances were esteemed more meritorious than the active virtues. The knowledge in natural causes was neglected, from the universal belief of miraculous interpositions and judgments; bounty to the church and pilgrimages to Rome, atoned for every violence against society; and remorse for crimes was appeased not by amendment, but by penance, servility to monks, and abject devotion. It was a religion of forms, not of practical uses; and the disputes which divided the clergy, relative to the tonsure and the festival of Easter, attest it to have been an age of unprofitable theological trifling.’

If we dwell upon visions and prodigies, our excuse is, that the book is full of them, and that they are the staple of all that is peculiar in this ‘Catholic History.’ There is a long account of the monk Owini, who saw a choir of angels descending to a bishop, and singing for his comfort:—

‘I beseech you, then, tell me,’ said Owini to the bishop, ‘what was the meaning of that canticle of joy, that I heard descending from heaven, upon this oratory, and after a short time again ascending from it? The bishop answered—‘If you have heard the sounds of the hymn, and have been able to notice the celestial choir coming down upon this place, I command you, in the name of God, not to utter a word, respecting either, before my death. They were the spirits of angels who came to call me to that heaven and its joys which I have always loved and ever desired, and they have promised at the end of seven days, to return and bring me with them.’ Bede says that they did return at the appointed time, and bring him as they had promised.—p. 376.

At the end of sixteen years from the interment of the Abbess Etheldreda, they opened her coffin, when—

‘The body of the sacred virgin was found to be as free from corruption as if it had been that very hour interred. This is a fact which Bishop Wilfred did, (and many others who knew it to be true) testify. Even the very linen in which her corpse had been buried, appeared as fresh and new, as the day on which it had been first rolled round her sacred limbs.’

Mr. M'Cabe remarks, in a note, that Bede, who relates this, and Bishop Wilkins, were contemporaries, and that Bede states,

in another place, his conversing with this bishop about St. Etheldreda. Of the same abbess it is related that she was afflicted with a great and painful swelling in her neck, because, when she was a girl, she wore 'gaudy, useless, and jewelled ornaments.' (p. 390.)

Bishop Wilfred was a first-rate Thaumaturgus. He was, on one occasion, cast into prison. But a light, brighter than day, filled his cell; its dazzling rays flashed upon the eyes of the guards, who were almost blinded and altogether confounded. 'On a sudden the jailer beheld his wife start up—her mouth distorted, and her lips covered with the foam of madness—and then fall, motionless and speechless, before him.' The husband threw himself at the feet of the bishop, who, of course, instantly cured the maniac. When King Egfrid heard of this wonderful light, and the marvels wrought by his prisoner, he was incensed greatly, and ordered the holy man to be loaded with heavier chains. Vain and impotent revenge! When the chains were applied to the limbs of the bishop, it was found that they could not be made to adhere to his person:—'Their clasps widened; their links sprang asunder; they fell from the hands and feet of the bishop, as the bonds of sin are loosed from him, who worthily receives the sacrament of baptism.' (p. 408.)

Having been liberated from prison, and having restored the queen to health, in consequence, Wilfred extended the sphere of his miraculous operations:—

'He rescued men not merely from the horrors of everlasting damnation, but from the dire misery of bodily death, in its most afflicting form. *For three years* before his arrival in that province, *no rain had descended upon it*, and a frightful famine had inflicted its tortures upon the miserable population, and doomed them to the worst of deaths, driving the hapless pagans to precipices and the sea beach, in order that they might rid themselves of an existence that had become intolerable. *Upon the day this unhappy nation received the sacrament of baptism*, copious and gentle showers descended upon the earth, giving verdure to the parched soil, and vegetation to the perishing seeds, &c.—*Bede* (Catholic Hist. p. 414.)

Imma was another man whose limbs could not be bound. The strange event excited the wonder of his noble captor, who demanded the cause. It turned out that he had a brother named Tunna, a priest, who, believing him to be dead, *said masses for the repose of his soul*; and these were so effectual, that no chains could be fastened on his body; and it was found that the time of their falling off, was the exact hour of the day when the mass was said:—

'These circumstances were stated to the writer (Bede), by some



of those who had heard them from the very person to whom they had occurred ; and having been clearly ascertained to be true, have been, without hesitation, inserted in this history.'—p. 425.

Further on we have an account of Caedmon who had a vision in which a celestial visitant appeared to him, touched his dull soul with inspiration, so that he awoke a famous poet, from whom it is said Milton stole some of the finest ideas of his 'Paradise Lost.'

'It is strange,' says Mr. M'Cabe, 'that the learned republican, the virulent hater of monks, should be suspected of plagiarising from a monk—and that monk an humble and unlearned herdsman.'—p. 438.

St. Cuthbert was a very hospitable monk ; and one day he entertained a very beautiful angel unawares, washing his feet, rubbing them dry with a towel, and as they seemed numb, resting them on his bosom. He left the stranger eating savoury food, and while he went away for some hot bread his guest mysteriously departed. Cuthbert cured a sick person by the use of 'holy water,' against which, says our author, 'non-catholics have written volumes of abuse, as being nothing better than 'popish superstition!' The catholic believes that with faith and virtue, miracles may be, and are, accomplished—but what right has the infidel to ask for them, or the vicious man to expect them?' (p. 456.)

Cuthbert performed a great many other miracles. Bede, who was his contemporary, and who, we are told, took the greatest possible care to ascertain the facts, vouches for the truth of them all. Now, as this same Bede has been admitted by protestants to be a man whose piety, talents, astuteness, and cleverness cannot be questioned ; as, in fact, 'he is a phenomenon easier to praise than to parallel,' it follows that we have nothing for it but to swallow all these prodigies, though they smell so strongly of imposture, and seem a mass of fables not very cunningly devised. Here then is the sum of the whole matter put into a logical formula by no less a person than the author of the 'Catholic History of England.'

'We leave anti-catholics to deal with this dilemma. Either what Bede has stated of St. Cathbert is true, or Bede himself must have been an impostor or a dolt. In struggling to get out of that dilemma, we believe that all they can prove is, that they are as destitute of arguments, as of faith : and that the worst that can be said of their 'philosophy' is, that it is 'foolishness.'—p. 463.

Our author subsequently adds, that he is not aware 'that the accomplishment of a miracle has ever been ascribed by an

author to *a married clergyman*, even Luther, himself, is not an exception to this general observation !'

The inference *we* would draw from this, if it be a fact, is—that marriage is favourable to veracity and integrity, that its healthful sympathies and associations are at war with the sacerdotal *esprit de corps* through whose demoralizing influence so many shameful frauds have been committed. However, we shall give a few more specimens of the miracles for which Bede vouches, and which M'Cabe is ready to swear to, and then we shall leave the reader to deal with the formidable dilemma as he may think proper.

'The Hewalds suffered martyrdom on the 3rd of October. Their sanctity and devotion were testified by miracles, for upon their bodies being cast into the river by their pagan murderers, *they ascended for forty miles against the current of the stream!* and were at length borne to that place in which their priestly companions were located. During the night an immense ray of light was seen to descend from heaven, and to rest upon the place whereto their bodies had been wafted ; and this even was observed by some of those who had dipped their hands in the blood of the English saints. . . . It is even said that in the place where they were killed, a spring gushed from the earth, which has ever since flowed in a copious and abundant stream of water.'—p. 483.

Ambitious churchmen in the middle ages were quite as anxious to be *canonized* as to be saved. For this they endured much self-inflicted mortification, and consented to play many a game of deception, by pretending to visions and to the working of miracles. At their death they had friends who laboured to realize their plans by getting up stories about miraculous streams of water—rays of light—choirs of angels, etc. These frauds were also designed often to enrich churches and monasteries, to each of which it was essential, as a stock in trade, that it should have bones of a miracle-working saint, or of a martyr. The religious novelties then introduced about the Virgin—the saints—the sacraments—the cross—images, etc., all created a constant demand for miracles to make them pass with the multitude. The demand produced the supply in most ample abundance. Miracles were made cheap. They were produced gratuitously. A man walked on the sea for a relic which he had forgotten ; when there was nothing to hinder the vessel to wait for him, and the same vessel remained immovable on the bounding waves till he returned ; dead bodies floated forty miles against the current of a stream merely that they might join other dead bodies ; and then a light from heaven must come to tell their friends where they lay, that they might be buried in consecrated

ground. The reader will have observed how many of these prodigies were evidently designed to sanction doctrines that have no warrant in Scripture, as in the case of the man whose chains fell off when mass was said for the repose of his soul.

A considerable number of the miracles recorded in this volume were designed to encourage the homage paid to the crucifix, which in those ages amounted to absolute idolatry—an idolatry which is fully sanctioned by the Roman ritual. When St. Aldhelm died, his funeral was conducted a distance of fifty miles. At every seven miles of the road crosses were erected, 'memorials of the event, which were long celebrated, by the miraculous cures of persons affected with various ailments.' To this text of his history Mr. M'Cabe adds the following note:—

'In the life of St. Aldhelm, many miracles are recorded of him by William of Malmesbury. One of these performed in his life time we hope we shall be pardoned for mentioning. When a storm was raging, Aldhelm produced a perfect calm, by making the sign of the cross! The persons whose lives he thus preserved from shipwreck made him a present of a book which he had been desirous of purchasing from them—that book was the *Bible*! Persons of strong anti-catholic prejudices, and especially those who have been educated in a hatred of the monks, ought to read an account of the miracles performed at the shrine of this monk—this founder of one of the greatest monasteries in England. They will find it stated by one cognizant of the facts, that through the intercession of St. Aldheim, and by the mercy of God, the blind, the dumb, the lame, the paralytic, and even the insane, were restored to health.'—p. 525.

After all, there is nothing more marvellous in this book than the fact, that any sane gentleman should submit it to the English public at the present day as a true history of England. What shall we say of the advice gravely tendered to the 'anticatholic' reader in the last quotation? Does Mr. M'Cabe really think that any mind, accustomed to examine and weigh evidence, can be convinced by such stories? If so, he will thank us for aiding in their conversion by the extracts we have given.

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ART. VI. *Numismatic Illustrations of the Narrative Portions of the New Testament.* By J. Y. Akerman. 8vo. London. 1846.

'THE scripture is a field or vineyard, which finds work for a variety of hands, and about which may be employed a great diversity of gifts and operations, but all from the same spirit and for the glory of the same Lord.' So said Matthew Henry, and so we say. Classical authors, old coins, and inscriptions, will throw light on many an interesting narrative; and the antiquary, while removing a doubt which the change of manners and customs may have left upon a passage, sometimes helps us to understand the moral command which follows. We shall give a few examples, some from the work at the head of this article, and add some from our own researches. The reader will thus be enabled to see what might be done in this way to help the study of the Bible.

1.] 'What man is there,' says the town-clerk of Ephesus, (Acts xix. 35), 'that knoweth not how the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell from Jupiter?' We must begin by correcting the translation; the difference will not be great, but still important to the antiquary. 'What man is there that knoweth not that the city of the Ephesians is temple-keeper of the great Diana, and of that which fell from heaven?'

Here the coins of Ephesus satisfactorily prove that the city took that most curious title of 'Temple-keeper to Diana.' Other cities styled themselves 'Temple-keepers' of other gods, as one European sovereign calls himself 'His most Catholic Majesty;' another, 'His most Christian Majesty;' and a third, 'Defender of the Faith.'

But further, the more ignorant among the pagans confounded in their notions the gods and their statues; and an ancient author tells us, that at Athens there were three Minervas; the Great Minerva, the Minerva of Phidias, and the Minerva that fell from heaven. The last was, of course, so called from its age; it had existed time out of mind; nobody knew when, or by whom it was made; and it was of a rude, bad style of art. Such, also, was the Diana of Ephesus that fell from heaven. The coins give us a representation of this grotesque, but time-honoured figure. It is supported by holding a staff in each hand, and its head is as wide as its shoulders. There is a statue of it in Sir John Soane's museum. The Great Diana was a larger statue, of more modern and better workmanship. Here, again, the coins help us; by telling us that the city of Ephesus

was 'twice temple-keeper of Diana,' and that this meant in two temples, not on two occasions, is proved by other coins, which after the building of two temples to the emperors, style the city 'four times temple-keepers,' and give representations of the four temples.

2.] In Acts xxvii., Paul, when a prisoner, was delivered to a centurion of Augustus's band. Here again we must correct the translation: it was to a centurion of the Augustan band.

There were three legions which were honoured with this title of Augustan—the second, the third, and the eighth; and from the coins of Beryttus, now called Beyrut, we see that the eighth legion was quartered there. It is true that, from an inscription found in Strasburg, it seems that the Eighth Augustan Legion was there quartered; but this does not contradict the former: though legions were not often moved from Germany to Syria, it was not unfrequent to find half a legion quartered in one country and half in another.

3.] In the sermon on the mount our Lord says, 'Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain.' We can all of us easily understand the other part of this command, that when struck on one cheek we should in humility offer the other; because, unfortunately, we know what striking is. But many must have wondered what can have given rise to the command of going a second mile with the violent man who has already compelled you to go one mile. Nobody now, and in this country, is ever injured by such treatment. But we learn from coins and inscriptions that the couriers in the service of the Roman government had the privilege of travelling through the provinces free of expense, and of calling upon the villagers to forward their carriages and baggage to the next town. Under a despotic government, this became a cruel grievance. Every Roman of high rank claimed the same privilege; the horses were unyoked from the plough to be harnessed to the rich man's carriage. It was the most galling injustice which the provinces suffered. We have an inscription of the frontier town of Egypt and Nubia mentioning its petition for a redress of this grievance; and a coin of Nerva's reign records its abolition in Italy. Our Lord could give no stronger exhortation to patient humility than by advising his Syrian hearers, instead of resenting the demand for one stage's 'vehiculation,' to go willingly a second stage.

4.] When Ptolemy the Third returned home to Egypt from a successful Syrian campaign, and brought back to the temples many of the ornaments which had been carried away by Cambyzes, the priests in gratitude gave him the title of Euergetes, *the benefactor*. The same title was also borne by one of the worst of his successors, who was also more appropriately

named Kakergetes, *the mischief-maker*. Egypt at this time usually set the fashion to all the neighbouring kingdoms; and the coins of Syria, Parthia, Phrygia, Pontus, and Paphlagonia, show that this title of *Benefactor* was a favourite with the hateful tyrants of the east during the two centuries before the Christian era. It had lost its first meaning, and was often used ironically. Such was its meaning when our Lord said to his disciples, 'The kings of the Gentiles lord it over them, and they that have authority over them are called Euergetes, or Benefactors. But ye are not so; but let the greatest among you be as the younger, and the chief as he that serveth,' Luke xxii. 25.

5.] Matt. xvii. 24; translated literally: 'And when they came to Capernaum, those who received the didrachms [or money for the tribute] came to Peter and said: Doth your Teacher pay the didrachms?' And further on, 'Cast an hook, and take the first fish that cometh up; and on opening its mouth, thou wilt find a stater, [a coin, worth two didrachms] take that and give to them for me and thee.' These Greek coins are well known to all collectors; and the stater is nearly equal to the Jewish shekel, and of course the didrachm to half a shekel. Hence the question naturally arises, whether the Romans, in levying a poll-tax of half a shekel on the inhabitants of Judea, were imposing a new tribute, or seizing the well known temple tax, which, by the Levitical law, every male above the age of twenty-one, was ordered to pay towards the maintenance of the services. Commentators have been divided on the question, though we think it might have been settled by remarking that at this time the temple-services were maintained by a voluntary gift, or corban, in the place of the old tax. And that the two taxes were the same, is proved by a coin which commemorates its repeal under Nerva. The coin proves that the Roman tribute, like the Levitical tax, was payable by every Jew, wherever he lived, not by those in Judea only, and that it was thought not only an injustice, but a disgrace, as we might suppose the Jews would feel the appropriation of their sacred temple tax to the service of their pagan masters. The words on Nerva's coin are, *Judaici fisci calumnia sublata*.

Two or three of these remarks we would recommend to Mr. Akerman, as suitable additions to his elegant little volume.

Interesting matter of this kind crowds upon the student of antiquities, whatever be his subject, whether Greek and Roman coins, ancient geography, or Egyptian history and hieroglyphics. But, at the same time, it forces on us the remark, that we ought to have a more exact and literal translation of the New Testament. Not that it is much needed when we are reading for the higher devotional purposes; but, certainly, one



of the strongest proofs of the authenticity of the New Testament is lost, when we give up the exact expressions relating to manners and customs, for the too general expressions of the authorized version. A bungling forger might have told us that the city of Ephesus was a worshipper of Diana, and that the Romans levied a poll-tax on Judea; but he would hardly have ventured to call the city a temple-keeper to two divinities; or to say, that the Roman poll-tax, was a didrachm or half-stater; or that the Augustan Legion was quartered in Syria, against the authority of the Roman historians.

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- ART. VII.—1. *The General Interests of French Protestantism.* By Count Agenor de Gasparin, member of the Chamber of Deputies, Paris. 8vo. 1843.
2. *Reports of the Society for the Protection and Extension of French Protestantism.* Paris. 8vo. 1843—1847.
3. *Report of the Judgments against the French Baptists.* Paris. 8vo. 1847.

MODERN history offers nothing fit to be compared with the struggle carried on by the French protestants during the three centuries prior to the revolution of 1789; whether that struggle be looked at in reference to the dreadful sufferings of the persecuted, or to the enormous damage done to the French nation through that persecution;—to its bad influence on the general policy of Europe, or to the great success which at last crowned the resistance made most heroically, during so long a period, against oppression. But the success so gained is not complete. At this moment, protestantism in France is subject to serious attacks in one of its chief attributes—the right of private judgment as to forms of worship, long termed by the French constitution, *la liberté des cultes*. Upon various grounds, the French authorities habitually infringe this right, as was done in a late judgment at Amiens against the French baptists, whose church it will suppress, if it be not annulled by the supreme court appealed to in Paris. The frequency of such cases, and the analogy which their chief motive bears to that *official jealousy of freedom in religious matters*, which is clearly traceable throughout the whole history of French protestantism, gives urgent importance to that history,

the following brief sketch of which is here introduced by a narrative of the proceedings against the baptists.

This church is not new in France, nor does it differ materially from the churches of the same denomination in England and America. It has been established, at least, twenty years, in the department of which Amiens is the chief city; and where its members are numerous. About five years ago M. Victor Lepoids came to this department to preach. The *prefet* having last year warned the district officers to proceed against all new comers of this sect, M. Lepoids was interrupted by the police; and, towards the end of the year, the severest measures were taken against him and other preachers. M. Besin, an old resident, was found reading the bible to a small, quiet congregation, and was immediately carried to prison. After five days' detention, he was taken away, chained with a body of felons, to a central gaol, from which, however, he was released by the public prosecutor. A month afterwards, M. Lepoids was taken up, and confined for seven days. M. Besin, who accompanied him to the gaol, was then seized again, and confined also. These seven days passed without any examination,—a thing against express law. A third party, M. Foulon, a young man preparing himself for the baptist ministry, was also taken up about the same time. All three were tried at Laon, in January last. They were asked if they had taken holy orders in the way prescribed by law; when it is notorious, that the law has prescribed no form in such cases as theirs. Again they were asked, whether they had studied theology in the colleges appointed by the government for them; when it is equally notorious, that the protestant colleges do not admit them. M. Lepoids defended himself upon the charter of 1830, which guarantees to all the right of worship in the way they prefer. He insisted, that the necessary consequence of the words of the charter is, the right to be a religious teacher without a licence. He did not ask to be paid for his services; he demanded the protection due to all by the law. The court, nevertheless, condemned the three parties to pay a fine of twelve pounds each for having 'assembled people to teach them a new faith, which they called that of the protestant baptists.' A second judgment by the superior court at Amiens, has confirmed that of Laon, but it reduced the fine to two pounds against each defendant. A fresh appeal is pending before the supreme court, in Paris; and, although the French law prohibits subscriptions to pay fines, so great an interest is felt for the parties, that a fund is being raised to pay the expenses of the several trials.

The importance of the question involved in these trials will be readily perceived. It really is a question whether the pre-

sent modes of Christian worship in France shall bind the whole country now, and for evermore; and whether those whose consciences are uneasy at the existing state of religion in any of the churches, shall be refused peaceful change, unless when sanctioned by the authorities. The crisis has been foreseen; and M. de Gasparin devotes a large portion of his book to the topic.

'Liberty of conscience is won, (says he) in England, in Switzerland, in America—I was about to add, *in France*. The letter of the charter of 1830 is clear. *Every one* (it states) *has an equal right to profess his own creed, and is entitled to the same protection for his mode of worship*. Nevertheless, this right is perpetually infringed by the local authorities. They have been rebuked, indeed, by the minister, in some instances; and they are ready to admit the application of the charter to the old recognised congregations. The supreme court of appeal also applies the several principles which regulate public meetings and associations, only to sects which it distinguishes from those recognised congregations. Other courts of justice do not admit even this distinction. It is now attempted to make a license indispensable to all worship, and to prevent the laity even reading the bible, in the service of any religious assembly, without such license. In some quarters, the police peremptorily prohibit all preaching of protestants to catholics.

'These things are quite recent (says M. de Gasparin) and the spirit of hostility which they betray, increases in asperity. It breaks out in strange forms. It has succeeded in removing the bust of Luther from the pedestal of a statue to Guttemberg, at Strasburg, although Alsace is full of protestants, to whom a special treaty guarantees their old faith, and although the bible, which printing made popular, is their peculiar pride. This act is only equalled by the conduct of the bigot who rules Bavaria, in exposing himself to the scorn of Germany, by excluding the same bust from his Valhalla. It is this persecution which is daily reducing the provisions made by law for the protestants. Whilst the catholics receive 36,000,000 of francs yearly, for their thirty-three millions of souls, or 1s per head, the protestants, who are one million and a half in number, receive only 1,260,000 francs, or about 6½d per head. The catholics have thirty-four thousand pastors, or one to every thousand souls; the protestants only seven hundred, or one to two thousand souls. In the early days of the French protestant church it had two thousand one hundred and fifty distinct cures of souls; and that was the time when France did not comprise Alsace and Franche Comté within its territory.'

This is the solemn statement of M. de Gasparin, an able and zealous advocate of French protestantism; and to him is mainly due the foundation of a new 'society, for its protection and extension.' One of the various objects of that society is, to



secure the execution of the charter in favour of every denomination of protestants ; whose danger it has pointed out with great energy. It even insists that a *settled design* is formed to put down religious liberty as guaranteed by the charter. The case might be put more correctly by showing, that as the fact is, restriction upon protestantism in France has been imposed from political jealousies, as well as from religious bigotry ; and thus at the present day, the hostile proceedings pursued against particular protestant churches, are concurrent, as those of times past, against all the protestants, with great political corruption. The history of French protestantism, indeed, affords complete means of solving a difficulty which is exceedingly perplexing ; for the irresistible evidence of that history fully accounts for the very same thing being done, although with a less degree of violence, under the institutions established by the revolution of 1830, which happened at the worst period of the expelled Bourbons.

France shared largely in the sentiments which, in the fifteenth century, prompted all Europe to seek a reform in the church ; and the revival of learning with the invention of printing, did not fail to produce at the outset, in that country, the same effects, which endangered an hierarchy of a thousand years, wherever these effects were not counteracted by a concentration of the powers of the Romish church, as in Italy, or as in France, by a combination of them with certain political powers inconsistent with reform. So early as 1485, a French priest, Jean Laillier, had preceded, even surpassed, Luther in the advocacy of some most important doctrines. He maintained publicly, that the claim of superiority by the pope, as the representative of Peter, was an assumption founded on error ; that all ministers of religion have equal authority ; and that papal indulgences are a gross abuse ; and papal infallibility, a deception. The Sorbonne condemned these doctrines, but did not punish the preacher. If the brutal passions of Henry VIII. laid the foundation for narrowing the authority of Rome, the ambition of two French kings had, before him, tended seriously to the same result. The independence of the Gallican church was directly proposed by Charles VIII. and Louis XII., after their Italian campaigns. At this period the States of France assembled from all the provinces declared, that there must be a general ecclesiastical reform ; and that they would no longer endure the abuse of the prodigious contributions sent every year to Rome. In four years, before 1599, two millions of francs in gold had thus been lost to the country.

These discontents were followed in 1515 by a refined act of policy on the part of the pope, in ceding the nomination of all

ecclesiastical benefices to the kings of France for ever. This interested them in the opposition to church reform. It was immediately after this event, that Luther appeared in Germany; and although his doctrines soon found great favour in France, this powerful new interest disposed the king to resist them. Other circumstances had the same tendency. Calvin was far more austere than Luther, and, without reserve, denounced the disorders of the court, which irritated the king, whilst the followers of Calvin proclaimed free principles of government, which alarmed him. Hence the cruel persecutions which disgraced the reign of Francis the First, notwithstanding that under special circumstances favour was occasionally shown to the advocates of the new opinions, as in the instance of Erasmus, whom he invited to live in France. Still the reformation spread far and wide into the remotest provinces; and it was no small addition to its strength, that as in Germany and England Huss and Wickliffe were not forgotten, so throughout the south of France, the old opinions of the Albigenses had left religious, as well as civil traditions, which resisted conquest and the inquisition. The mountainous character of some regions, and the recollections of the free municipalities of more than a thousand years' existence, had formed a race singularly calculated to take an active part in the civil and religious strife, which was to last for two hundred years to come. From 1555 to 1562, only about thirty-five years after Luther's appearance, more than five hundred churches were formed in France. They were all distinct from each other, each separately governed by its minister and a consistory. Their doctrines were espoused by many of the highest nobility, as well as by great numbers of the people. At this period, however, as at the first, jealousy of the free political character of the reformers was associated with the dislike exhibited by their opponents to their religious opinions. 'Illegal meetings, held on pretence of this reform, must be suppressed,' says an edict of Francis the Second, in 1559; 'for at these meetings many mischievous and infamous charges are made against our person, to excite the people to sedition, therefore all such illegal meetings, *whether on account of religion, or any other purposes whatever*, are prohibited, on pain of death.'

The sovereigns of the house of Valois, with all their cruelties, were unable to crush protestantism. Only five years after the horrors of St. Bartholomew had been perpetrated by Charles IX., his successor, Henry III., granted to the protestants the exercise of their faith as freely as was settled for them by the famous edict of Nantz, under Henry IV. They must then have been far more than a million in number; and judicious men have thought, that if Henry IV. had been as firm and as con-

sistent as he was able and brave—if he had not purchased the fickle friendship of the pope by reconciliation to the church of Rome, France would in his reign have exhibited a very different character. The catholics would have yielded obedience to the kindly precepts of the gospel, and have ceased to persecute. The protestants, an undoubted minority, and daily more enlightened, would not have abused their influence over the king. The result must have been a great improvement in the constitution of the government, as the free spirit of the protestants would have moderated the old tendencies of the court, and what the court lost by restrictions in its power, would have had a compensation in the increased energies of the nation. By curbing bigotry, Henry iv. would have been able, in this happier condition of France, to have boldly opened a refuge to the millions of oppressed Jews and Moors of Spain, who earnestly sought from him a home and protection in the wilds of Gayenne. The civil wars of the next reign could not then have taken place; and Louis xiv. would probably have avoided the disgrace which brought him to a dishonoured tomb. Finally, his successors, sheltered by timely reforms, would not have been overwhelmed in revolution after revolution to the ruin of their dynasty.

But Henry iv., the great king of his time—the son of a protestant queen—was far more ambitious of power than sincere in his religious principles. From mere worldly considerations he sacrificed the affections of the church in which he was cradled, in order to obtain authority over men he could not conciliate by abjuration. He expiated a great error by a violent death; and the golden opportunity at his command was lost, because the interests of protestantism were with him made subordinate to a political intrigue.

How correctly the probable results of a different policy from that pursued by Henry iv. are here conjectured, is plain from what occurred in the reign of Louis xiv.

The number of French protestants, at the time of the murder of Henry iv., may be stated at one million.\* Their interests were represented at the court by two commissioners, elected for three years, in a general assembly formed of deputies from all the provinces in France. The gene-

\* In February, 1614, subscriptions were collected in France to help the Genevese against the Duke of Savoy. '*If every congregation,*' said Du Plessis-Mornay on this occasion, '*will but give 20 crowns, that will be 10,000.*' This, on an average of 2,000 souls to a congregation, and only 500 congregations in France, would be a million of Protestants for the whole country. The estimate is low. This curious passage quoted is from Bazin's '*Louis XIII,*' t. i. p. 140.



ral assembly named six, of whom the sovereign chose two for the service. They came furnished with papers declaring the grievances and wants of their constituents. They had regular audiences with the king and his ministers; five hundred churches, divided into fifteen provinces, used to elect thirty gentlemen, twenty pastors, sixteen citizens, called ancients, and four deputies, for Rochelle. The great men of the Protestant Society, such as the Duc de Bouillon, the Duc de Rohan, Du Plessis-Mornay, and Sully, used to be invited to the meetings of this elected assembly to give advice.

This form of association, without a strong popular government to satisfy the reasonable claims of the protestants, and to keep their intriguers in check, could not fail to produce a civil war. It was really a republic within the realm, headed by a powerful oligarchy. The result was a Protestant war of twenty years, which Richelieu put an end to by the greatest exertions. His system of combined bribes, force, and conciliation, extinguished the hostile spirit of the protestant party, along with the last sparks of freedom in the whole French people. The struggle against despotism, which was carried on by a portion of the discontented nobility, the *Fronde*, was not shared by the protestants, and Cardinal Mazarine was their friend. Their tranquillity relieved his administration from extreme embarrassment.

In both these periods, politics were mingled largely with religious considerations, in determining the one minister to attempt to crush the protestants, and the other to spare them. In both periods there existed still a bigoted party anxious to destroy them as the only means of uprooting heresy; but that party obtained little influence over the two able cardinals, although later, Louis XIV., permitted it to revive in its worst spirit; and to lead him into the commission of acts of which it is hard to say, whether cruelty, or folly, was the chief characteristic.

Louis the Fourteenth's design to establish a despotism excited him to attempt to destroy the protestants; notwithstanding that they had proved themselves loyal to the crown, and cordial to their fellow-subjects; both excellent titles to consideration. Their kindly feelings, however, towards those fellow-subjects were really no recommendation at all to the king. The catholics had not yet forgotten the *States General*, and the habit of electing delegates on all important questions, which was familiar to the protestants, would, if allowed, be of dangerous example. They were intimately connected with their fellow protestants all over Europe, who everywhere steadily vindicated *constitutional* government. In England they had gone

further. They had put a king to death; and whilst Louis was enforcing uniformity of faith in France, they were struggling against Charles the Second's measures to the same extent. It is perfectly well known, too, that a treaty existed between France and England at this time, by which Louis, Charles, and James, were bound, at any cost, to suppress dissent in both countries.

Up to this time the French protestants had steadily increased in number; and their population, shortly before the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, is stated in contemporary books at two millions. They had abandoned all schemes of sectarian aggrandisement, and ceased to give the government disquiet. Nevertheless, in consequence of a return to bigotry, which prompted Louis xiv. and Louis xv. to authorise a succession of violent persecutions from 1666 to 1744, France lost at least six hundred thousand protestants, by seven distinct emigrations; and many of these emigrants were great capitalists, eminent merchants and manufacturers, learned persons, excellent seamen and soldiers, and commanders of rank and eminence. The bitter unscrupulous character of these persecutions may be inferred from this single fact, that it was under their influence, and at a later period of their occurrence, that the awful cases of Calos, and his fellow victims of Toulouse, were such as to rouse the indignation of the whole world against the system and its abettors. Every form of cruelty had been exhausted to aggravate the sufferings of the protestants during nearly a hundred years; and they became in this period the victims of new political intrigues, not unlike many which to this day disgrace the best governments.

The administrative power, which Cardinal Richelieu had substituted for old feudal influences, was become thoroughly corrupt in the hands of his successor. Colbert reduced this administrative power into order, but could not render it honest; his *protestant* functionaries were the purest he could find in France, and he exhausted his own influence to prevent the persecutions, which were not only unjust, but also deprived the crown of its best servants.

Every species of fraud and violence was resorted to, in order to support the monstrous plan of the next hundred years, for establishing uniformity of religion throughout France. The leaders of the protestants were seduced, or terrified, to feign conversion. The masses were bought or massacred. The places of worship were destroyed by hundreds. The ministers of religion were hunted down like wild beasts. The professions, and many trades, were closed to their flocks.

To effect these things, immense sums of money were lavished, and a series of deceptions, which have no parallel, except in our own Irish administrations of past times, and in those of some of our colonies to the present hour, were pursued, in order to lead the government to persevere in a scheme, the inutility of which must have caused it to be abandoned, if the truth had been fairly told. The frequent misgivings of Louis XIV. and of his successor, and their alarm at the melancholy consequences of their policy, betrayed its iniquitous character. More than once designs were formed to abandon it for mild measures; and at last, before the revolution of 1789, two of the ministers of Louis XVI. had successfully urged upon their unfortunate king the absolute necessity of a change. It was in vain that the law presumed the extinction of protestantism. The body prospered in defiance of every oppression, and when that revolution procured for the protestants an equality of religious rights, which their sovereign had already meditated for them as an ordinary measure of his government, they were in a condition to produce candidates for every grade of political employment. Their conduct under frightful oppression is often contrasted with that of the Irish catholics in the like case. The superiority of their personal character, it is said, has made up for the inferiority of their position; and a conclusion has been drawn from the double example to the advantage of protestant institutions.

‘When refused admission into public offices and the learned professions, they became *farmers*, and merchants, and manufacturers. They are more intelligent, and, for their numbers, richer than their fellow catholics. In a calamitous state resembling theirs, two millions of Roman catholics would have sunk into the deepest degree of helplessness and want, as is proved by the case of Ireland.’

Such is the practical conclusion drawn from the remarkable history of French protestantism by one of its ablest members of our day. Its general truth well deserves a candid application by the thinking men of all creeds; with the exception of one topic of vast importance, *the occupation of the soil*, which was allowed to the French protestants, when refused to the Irish catholics, and the effects of which great distinction, seem never to have been examined with care. A comparison of the two persecutions justifies the contrast of their different consequences. But a more consolatory result from the inquiry is, that there is nothing in the character of the two creeds, however distinct, to prevent the kindly communication of those who sincerely profess them, in every station of public and private



life; and thus, if false political motives and designs do not destroy their harmony, there is enough in their common Christianity to unite them by the bond of charity.

The revolution of 1830 opened with a confirmation of the principles of equality, gained for all religious worship, by the revolution of 1789. Since 1830, the government of Louis Philippe has gradually abandoned that principle; and, at present, the worst abuses of the worst times, short of personal violence, against the persons and property of protestants, are become common. This occurs at a time when protestantism is fast extending its influence; when, in some quarters, it is reviving old connexions; and preparing the way for new conversions in others. In remote villages, where, for a hundred years, sheltered by their forests, laymen have preserved the reformed service in their families, regular pastors now find zealous congregations. In great towns, the very head quarters of modern catholicity, the memory of old persecutions, which effectually did the work of ruin, now encourages the restoration of the protestant faith there associated with the greatest triumphs of science, and the best successes of industry.

An interesting example of the former case has just occurred in Normandy. From that province alone, twenty-six thousand protestant families emigrated at the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and thousands more yielded a reluctant submission to the Romish church. This explains the readiness with which protestant preachers are now heard there. In many cases, tradition has preserved distinct recollections of the old reformed worship, as at Chefresne, where a little flock, originally unnoticed in the day of general trouble, continued, from father to son, for several generations, to attend the services of the elder men, with no other pastoral guidance, except when a minister occasionally came from Caen to bless the married, and baptize the young. It is only since 1830, that these poor people have had a stated minister.\*

The fine old city of Blois offers an instance of the latter class, too interesting to be described in the short space now at our disposal.†

It is little to the credit of the French government, that, instead of making a stand against the remains of bigotry in France, it shows itself eager to thwart the natural progress of religious reform. Its motive for thus persecuting the baptists, and other independent sects, is plain. It fears the civil liberty to which these persecuted advocates of religious freedom are

\* Fourteenth Report of the Société Evangelique of France. Paris, 8vo. p. 33. 1847.

† *Ib.* p. 25.

probably devoted friends. Its jealousy of the spirit which may strengthen its own enemies, overcomes its sense of justice, and its respect for a cause which should be essentially its own. It countenances by its conduct a charge unquestionably well founded, in regard to all former French governments, and urged with great appearance of reason in the present case—namely, that religious persecutions in France owe their virulence far more to political intrigues, than to sincere religious convictions of any kind.

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ART. VIII.—*A Commentary on the Book of Leviticus. Expository and Practical; with Critical Notes.* By the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar. London: Nisbet and Co. 12mo. pp. 488.

THE Book of Leviticus, so named first by the Greek translators, because it contains those laws of the Jewish religion which the tribe of Levi, or the priests out of it, were to see executed, is deeply interesting on this very account, that it contains the *ipsissima verba* of the Divine institution, in all their fulness. Some of the laws, indeed, had been previously given; but here we have the entire code, as it was received by Moses from the mouth of God, and recorded for the government of Israel. This book is, therefore, the text book upon which the Epistle to the Hebrews is, in a great measure, founded. Here is 'the shadow,' the adumbration 'of the good things to come,' and upon the principle that a designed type or figure is, by necessity of its nature, also a prophecy, every Christian must read, with deep interest, the words of infinite wisdom, which drew so remarkable a description, so instructive a picture, and long beforehand (1490 years) of that one sacrifice which takes away the sin of the world.

The book itself presents comparatively few difficulties requiring critical solution; perhaps no book of scripture so few. Yet no one in the Old Testament has engaged more, or more learned, commentators in its elucidation, from the Talmudists down to Mr. Bonar. This has doubtless arisen from the universal impression that these laws were promulgated less for the sake of the ceremonial observances they enjoin, than for the important truths they teach, and the momentous reference they contain to that event which occupied the Divine counsels, and was completed on the cross of Calvary.

The Commentary before us embodies a large portion of the more important explanations offered by the earliest writers. The great difficulty, and therefore the great excellence, in attempting to explain these ceremonial laws, is to avoid the two extremes of finding nothing in them beyond mere unmeaning ceremony, which no evangelical commentator can be guilty of, and finding too much in them, by the exercise of mere fancy. The rule which seems to be suggested by sober criticism, and enlightened piety, is to follow, as far as traceable, the footsteps of inspired explanation and allusion, and not to affix a fanciful and arbitrary sense upon ceremonies or circumstances that are mysterious to us; and, especially, not to assume that every minor point must have a spiritual meaning which we are to tax our ingenuity to discover: but to treat these laws much in the same way as a judicious commentator would treat the parables of our Lord. Every portion need not be supposed to convey a distinct meaning, but one general or principal lesson, with occasionally some subordinate ones. This is the best clue to their sense, and the best safeguard against trifling, unfounded, and weakening comments, which only prove the ingenuity of the commentator, and lessen the effect of the great truth enforced by the Divine Teacher.

Jerome, in his epistle to Paulinus, has carried the notion of a spiritual meaning to the wildest extreme, and, under his sanction, many commentators have sedulously set themselves to discover it. The father's words are, '*in hoc libro singula pene syllaba celestia spirat sacramenta.*' '*Almost every syllable in this book breathes a celestial mystery.*' Mr. Bonar does not profess to go quite so far, but at any rate his ingenuity savours of the microscopic, and very frequently appears to us to transcend the example of the apostle in the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is not difficult, with the New Testament in our hands, to find out or invent endless analogies between its facts and doctrines, and the ceremonies of the Jews; but to be sure that these analogies were designed, and never to force our own conjectures on the Divinely instituted rites, without evidence that such was their author's intention, is quite another matter. The following citation will sufficiently explain Mr. Bonar's general view of the nature of the book he has undertaken to explain.

'The rites here detailed were typical; and every type was designed and intended by God to bear resemblance to some spiritual truth. The likeness between type and anti-type is never accidental. The very excellency of their rites consists in their being chosen by God for the end of shewing forth 'good things to come,' (Heb. x. 1.) As it is not a mere accidental resemblance to the Lord's body and blood, that obtains in the bread and wine used in the Lord's supper, but, on the contrary, a



likeness that made the symbols suitable to be selected for that end, so it is in the case of every Levitical type. Much of our satisfaction and edification in tracing the correspondence between type and anti-type will depend on the firmness with which we hold this principle.

'If it be asked why a typical mode of showing forth truth was adopted to such an extent in those early days, it may be difficult to give a precise answer. It is plain, such a method of instruction may answer many purposes. It may not merely meet the end of simplifying the truth, it may also open the mind to comprehend more, while it deepens present impressions of things known. The existence of a type does not always argue that the thing typified is obscurely seen, or imperfectly known. On the contrary, there was a type in the garden of Eden—the tree of life—while life, in all its meaning, was fully comprehended by Adam. In all probability there will be typical objects in the millennial age; for there is to be a river which shall flow from Jerusalem to water the valley of Shittim. (Joel iii. 18), the same of which Ezekiel (xlvi. 1), and Zechariah (xiv. 8) speaks. This river is said to be for the healing of the Dead Sea, while on its banks grow majestic trees, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. No doubt a spiritual significance lies hid in their visible signs; the visible symbol seems to be a broad seal and sign of the peculiar truth manifested in these days, viz., the overflowing stream of the Holy Spirit (who shall be poured out at Jerusalem in the House of David first), winding its course over the earth to convey saving health to all nations. Certain it is, that types do not necessarily imply that the anti-type is dimly known. The Lord may use them as he does gospel ordinances at present, to convey light to us, and leave more indelible impressions. A German writer, (Kaber), has said, 'Types were institutions intended to deepen, expand, and ennoble the circle of thoughts and desires, and thus heighten the moral and spiritual wants, as well as the intelligence and susceptibility of the chosen people.' And not less truly is this point touched upon by the reformer, Tindal, in his 'Prologue into the Third Book of Moses.' 'Though sacrifices and ceremonies can be no ground or foundation to build upon—that is, though we can prove nothing with them—yet, when we have once found Christ and his mysteries, then we may borrow figures, that is to say, allegories, similitudes, and examples, to open Christ and the secrets of God hid in Christ, even unto the quick; and can declare them more lively and sensibly with them than all the words of the world. For similitudes have more virtue and power with them than bare words, and lead a man's understanding further into the pith and marrow, and spiritual understanding of the thing than can be imagined.'

'The Epistle to the Hebrews lays down the principles upon which we are to interpret Leviticus. The specimens there given of types applied, furnish a model for our guidance in other cases. And the writer's manner of address in that epistle leads us to suppose that it was no new thing for an Israelite thus to understand the ritual of Moses. No doubt old Simeon (Luke ii. 25), frequented the temple daily, in order to read in its rites the future development of a suffering Saviour, as well as to pray and worship. Anna, the prophetess, did the same; for all of them knew that they prophesied of the grace that was to come to us, and, therefore,

inquired and searched diligently, (1 Pet. i. 10.) Had Aaron, or some other holy priest of his line, been 'carried away in the Spirit,' and shewn the accomplishment of all that these types prefigured, how joyful ever after would have been his daily service in the sanctuary. When shewn the great anti-type, and that each one of them pictured something in the person or work of the Redeemer, then, ever after, to handle the vessels of the sanctuary would be rich food to his soul. It would be 'feeding beside the still waters and in green pastures.' For the bondage of these elements did not consist in sprinkling the blood, washing in the laver, waving the wave shoulder, or the like; but in doing all this without perceiving the truth thereby exhibited. Probably, to a true Israelite, taught of God, there would be no more bondage in handling these material elements, than there is at this day to a true believer in handling the symbolic bread and wine through which he 'discovers the body and blood of the Lord.'

If Mr. Bonar has somewhat exceeded his example in the Epistle to the Hebrews, and stretched the apostle's principles into refinements of allegory, yet his views are always evangelical and pious, and to most of his readers will prove instructive and edifying.

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ART. IX.—*Daniel O'Connell: Reminiscences of his Life and Times.* By a Munster Farmer. Portrait by T. Carrick. London: Fisher, Son, and Co.

DANIEL O'CONNELL died at Genoa on Saturday the 15th of May. He had lived several years beyond the allotted three-score and ten of human life. When the Irish people will be recounting to their children the dire calamities of the year of famine, they will not omit, what they will deem the crown of them all, the death of the Liberator.

The greatest Scotchman and the greatest Irishman of their day died within about a fortnight of each other—the man who had been most prominent as a protestant, and the man who had been most conspicuous as a catholic. Scotch and protestant writers have drawn parallels between O'Connell and Chalmers, of course considerably to the advantage of the Scotchman and the protestant. The Irish and catholic writers never dream of making the comparison. They are more ignorant of Chalmers than the Scotch are of O'Connell. Those of them who are somewhat intelligent, scout a comparison between 'the

hero of Christendom,' and 'a distinguished Scotch divine.' Each has his circle of bigotted admirers. Admiration of the one almost implies scorn of the other. Of course there is the greatest difference of opinion about both these great personages. In England and Scotland the depreciation is of O'Connell, and in catholic Europe of Chalmers. The news of the sudden death of Dr. Chalmers made many Scotch people ill in London. The news of the death of Mr. O'Connell was expected, and in Ireland it fell on ears made apathetic by famine. In Dublin successive groups of serious faces came to Conciliation Hall to inquire the truth of the sad rumour on the day the news arrived. The news of the death of Thomas Chalmers affected profoundly the Scotch and evangelical circles in London, but beyond these it was necessary to explain who he was and what he had done. The death of O'Connell was news to which the whole heart of the metropolis throbbed. Everybody knew somewhat of him. Penny memoirs filled the windows of the humblest news-shops, and penny portraits of O'Connell were thrust upon the passers-by in the crowds of the Strand along with those of Jenny Lind. The funeral of Chalmers, in Edinburgh, was, from its magnitude, a national one. The funeral honours of O'Connell have been European.

We are not about to estimate either of these men, or weigh their respective characters. This is neither the time nor the place for such a task. We enjoyed for the last ten years the friendly acquaintance of both of them. We had many conversations with them of the most intimate kind. Both poured into our ears bitter complaints of the injustice they had sustained from the hands of the English press. We know well that the readers of this journal did full justice to the character of Dr. Chalmers, but protestant as we are, we beg permission to doubt, whether British protestantism has looked with clear and unjaundiced eyes at the character of Daniel O'Connell, the Irishman and the Romanist.

The British press, we submit, is playing the game of young Ireland—the Irish physical force party. The disparaging misinterpretations of the character of Mr. O'Connell are injurious, and hostile to the interests of Great Britain, and of protestant truth. The man who underestimates his enemy, is never the man to beat him. When the struggle began between the parliament and Charles the First, the parliament were defeated in almost every engagement. Oliver Cromwell pointed out the cause. The parliament undervalued their foes, and employed an army of common men to fight an army of gentlemen. Cromwell beat the gentlemen by training men of piety to fight them, and was victorious over gentleness by the might of godliness.



The great secret of successful warfare, especially in the battles of opinion, is the moral superiority. Whoever wins, must do so by being more in the right than his opponents. O'Connell has been victorious over Irish protestantism and British aristocracy, all his life. In regard to the things he sought, throughout the greater part of his career, he had the strength of justice and right on his side. The wickedness of political protestantism in Ireland, has been the weakness of protestantism and the strength of catholicism in the world. Protestants make much—as we have a right to do—of the St. Bartholomew massacre, and the Spanish inquisition; but the catholics have abundant matter for retort in the conduct of protestants in Ireland. When O'Connell was born, a catholic father might be deprived of his estate, and made the tenant for life on two-thirds of it, if any of his boys chose to call himself a protestant at the mature age of fourteen. Any protestant could take the horse from under any catholic by swearing that it was worth more than five pounds. A catholic, thrice convicted of keeping a priest in his family to educate his children, might be punished by the confiscation of all his property, real and personal. Any catholic over sixteen years old was liable to imprisonment for twelve months if he refused to inform the magistrate of all he knew about any celebration of mass. A catholic was incapable of buying land, and restrained from cultivating it properly, because prohibited from holding a long lease. The church, the university, and the professions of law, physic, and arms, were shut against the catholic. Such was the actual condition of a people whose historic recollections were all of confiscation and persecution. O'Connell found his countrymen a Celtic population, whose lands had been confiscated, and their religion persecuted. After he had laboured for a quarter of a century, the children of Irish peasants, by marriages duly solemnized by catholic clergymen, were treated as illegitimate, and their mothers as concubines. English catholics, from the Duke of Norfolk downwards, were incapable of holding the meanest public appointment, without abjuring their religion. The cabin of the poor cotter was often stripped bare for the tithes of the protestant parson. On every 'first of July,' any catholic might have been insulted and maltreated, with impunity, in any Irish town. The hedge school was the only school open to the poor Roman catholic boy. In the lists of the county grand juries scarcely an Irish name appeared, when O'Connell came into public life. From all these, and many other wrongs, Daniel O'Connell has been the Liberator of his religion and his race.

Most of the good which others have done, and are yet to do, has been made possible by his labours. All the world honours

Father Mathew for the good he has done by his temperance pledges. He had the help of O'Connell by speech and example. But, in truth, Mathew only carried out the work which O'Connell first did, and showed him how to do. We have seen the crowds of the Irish kneeling before Father Mathew, while the red and white came and went, in alternate flushes on their excited faces, and we have heard their voices repeating the temperance pledge after him, and deemed the scene one full of moral sublimity. But we have not forgotten the thrilling interest with which the British public beheld, in 1826 and 1828, the peasantry, during the Waterford and Clare elections, abstain from beer, spirits, and blows, in obedience to the words of the great agitator. Observing people then said, 'The man who can do that, may do anything with the Irish people.' Father Mathew worked out these feats in permanent and general details, on the basis of the support of O'Connell, and when aided by the temperance agitation in America and Great Britain.

Without the labours of O'Connell, the industrial movement henceforth the national one in Ireland, at the head of which the Irish council have placed themselves, would not have been possible. Persecuted and oppressed people are never industrious. It was the accusation of Lauderdale and Claverhouse against the Scotch covenanters, that they neglected husbandry to meddle in affairs of church and state. The rapid advance which Scotland has made in industry, did not begin until after the persecutions and the Stuart troubles were happily over. It is not a just reproach to a people that they prefer their spiritual to their industrial affairs.

It is related of O'Connell that such was his horror of the blood-thirsty scenes of the French Revolution, that on leaving France, on completing his education, he and his brother trampled the tricolour cockade under their feet in the bottom of the boat. One of his sayings was, 'nothing we can gain is worth a drop of human blood;' another, 'He who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy.' He was a Samson, whose strength lay in the might of constitutional and peaceful agitation. This was the great idea of his life, the birth of his genius, the core of his heart. Seldom has the world seen a more energetic teacher of any doctrine than this great man was of this; and on the degree of his efficiency depends whether the advocates of peaceful industry, or the zealots for violence, shall henceforth be the leaders of the Irish people.

In these circumstances, every assault on the memory of O'Connell is a blow favourable to the dismemberment of the British empire. Assaults on O'Connell tend to make the O'Connellites young Irishmen. Born of a people as prone to

buy arms, as to drink poteen, O'Connell, by moral *kingliness*, taught them to abstain from the use of both, and to triumph by the abstinence. The Irish were always an insurrectionary and sanguinary people, and so deeply had the past fixed this notion in Scotch and English minds, that the hatred of O'Connell was grounded wholly on the misconception that his agitation meant rebellion, his peace, blood, as if the aged lawyer of seventy was likely to take off his wig, and put on a helmet, and doff his gown, and sport a saber-tash!

O'Connell has done his work. Coarse, abusive, vituperative, calumnious, a Celtic savage, a Romanist, educated by the Jesuits, and a *nisi prius* barrister, who never left off his professional habits, the bad side of his character was obvious enough, and his hard words and hardy mis-statements, were irritating enough; but if he has taught his countrymen to seek justice by arguments instead of arms, all may well be forgiven, and all the spots lost in the splendour which surrounds one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. While agitating for repeal he was conciliating Ireland to England, by interchanges of opinions, concessions of justice, the knowledge of evils, and the application of remedies. Never before has a people been led to rely solely on argument for the attainment of their ends. The O'Connell lesson has been a beneficent one, not confined to Ireland. The physical force chartism of England and Scotland would never have been the insignificant thing it was, had not O'Connell been an illustrious example of moral power.

If the British press and government use wisely the name of O'Connell, though dead, he may still frustrate the men of blood in his country. While in his name, and by his authority, reliance on moral suasion is continually instilled into the minds of the Irish, the industrial movement may become an enthusiasm and a passion among them. His name will make the O'Briens and the O'Meaghers as insignificant as his example made Feargus O'Connor. Of his power, the deportment of the people during his imprisonment, and during the sore famine, are striking proofs. O'Connell was as favourable to industrial improvement as he could be, in his position; and the men to come will honour him as the indispensable precursor of the industrial development of his country.

O'Connell is dead, and the event is a favourable one for the cause of protestantism. His vast political power was of late used not to obtain justice and equality for his religion, but to achieve the triumph of ascendancy for his sect. We have reason to believe that in this his private convictions were overruled by the authority of his church. He sent his heart to Rome, and he was a most sincere and bigotted catholic. His influence has



changed the position of his church from that of a persecuted one to the verge of ascendancy. But we question if he will not prove to have been the precursor of protestantism as well as of industry. Romanism may be a religion suitable to a peasantry prone to buy arms and drink poteen ; but it is very unsuitable for a people with a rapidly advancing middle class, accustomed to gain their ends by argument and discussion in the press and in their clubs. O'Connell is one of those large men who are not to be viewed in reference to a sect or a nation. He belongs to mankind. The friends of human progress, who dislike the Romanist and the Irishman, ought to reverence the man who taught a Celtic people to abstain from blood, and rely on justice.

The death of Daniel O'Connell is an event which must be productive of vast consequences. What these may be, nobody can foresee. But to all eyes the whole aspect of Ireland is altered. The man, whose sayings and doings were the history of his country for half a century, is gone. Little as the bulk of the English and Scotch people loved him, they like less the men his giant dimensions overshadow. Daniel O'Connell is gone, and the place which knew him so well shall know him no more for ever. Among those Irishmen who adhered to him in his principles of moral force and progressive reform, there are none of his qualities, his energy, sagacity, and wisdom. But there will be successors to his business as an agitator. The Young Ireland party, though they lost their best man in Thomas Davis, contains men of considerable talents and genius, fired by the fiercest zeal. Repeal with O'Connell meant a parliament on College Green ; repeal with Young Ireland means an independent Irish republic. The favourite study of these men is, 'how America became a nation.' Every act of O'Connell's was accordant with his wish to keep Ireland connected with England by means of the golden link of the crown. In the disguise of a repealer, he was the reconciler of the sister kingdoms. He has left us, and we are in the presence of the men who mean us all the evil of which we accused him falsely.

His heart to Rome, his body to Ireland ! This was his dying wish. The old man died on his way to receive the benediction of the pope. We observe with a wondering pleasure, the admissions which the journals which reviled him most make, when writing under the impression of his death. He was, says the *Standard*, a sincere and consistent Romanist of the sixteenth century. In fact, his Romanism was not so modern. It was thoroughly mediæval. His mind was haunted by the memory of St. Thomas à Becket. Of this champion of Romanism, civilization, and the conquered Saxons, the writer of this article has

published a life. Though a protestant of no lukewarm sort, he cherishes an admiration for the saint and hero of the twelfth century. This was a common enthusiasm with the writer, and Mr. O'Connell. He would talk for hours while delight, made his face radiant about St. Thomas à Becket. With a twinkle of humour in his eyes, and a tone of it in his voice, he said, 'I make a pilgrimage, a post-chaise pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas, every year. Once, when the woman was showing me the tombs of the cathedral, I said, 'All these people were papists.' 'Eh!' cried the woman, with a start, 'were they really papists?' It is curious it had never occurred to her before, that they were papists.' We met Mr. O'Connell immediately after his return to London from Birmingham, where a splendid demonstration was made in his behalf, in reference to the outrage on constitutional liberty in his person, in the state trials. But, on clasping hands, his first joyful exclamations were, 'I have been to Oscot, and I have had on the robe and mitre of Saint Thomas à Becket,—he must have been a man about my height.' The reverence of Mr. O'Connell was profound for Christianity. At dinner, once, a gentleman was guilty of an irreligious joke. 'My dear sir, you pain me—you distress me; my dear friend, I must talk with you about this to-morrow,' said he. On rising from dinner, the joker asked an Irish member, 'Was Dan serious? will he really give me a rowing to-morrow.' 'Faith, that he will!' was the reply; 'as severe a lecture as ever you had in all your life.' Accordingly, at the hour he had named, Mr. O'Connell sought the offender, from whom we have the anecdote. We urged him to tell us what O'Connell said in his admonition. We were seated over a tumbler of whiskey toddy,—a state in which we are not usually soft-headed,—but all the reply we received, was, 'Oh, he is very serious!' and the eyes of the joker filled with tears. The death-bed of Mr. O'Connell is described as one of serenity and peace, amidst the last rites of his religion, and in this was only in accordance with the devout observances which occupied much of the later years of his stormy life.

Of the strength of his love for his family, the constancy of his friendships, and the power of attracting affection and confidence which he possessed, many proofs might be adduced. It has been well said, that he loved his children, not like a father, but like a mother:—this huge, strong, and impassioned man. The love of the Invincibles for Napoleon was not equal to the love of the Irish for O'Connell. 'I will give you a shilling,' said a gentleman to an Irish beggar-boy, 'if you will curse O'Connell.' 'God bless O'Connell,' was the responsive shout.

An English gentleman, travelling in Ireland, abused O'Connell to every group of Irishmen he met, but the remonstrance always was, 'Ah! but sure your honour he loves Old Ireland.' O'Connell loved Ireland as a bridegroom loves his bride. Of this love he died. He is the most illustrious victim of the famine. The progress of the famine might have been learned from the study of his face. It was a subject, latterly, on which it would have been a cruelty for an acquaintance to address him. The buoyancy had gone out of his step, the humour had fled from his face, and he had become a stooping and an aged man, shuffling along when we saw him last. But there was a look of suppressed commiseration in his features, a silent agony which showed that pity for his countrymen was painting the wrath of death in the face of Daniel O'Connell. The slanders on his character as a landlord, at Cahirciveen, he felt bitterly, he said to us—'Oh! it was cruel as false, my people are all comfortable.' But he continued himself, (though his vigour had been declining from the change in his habits to total abstinence from wine,) after the state trials, after the Cahirciveen calumnies, and even in spite of Young Ireland quarrels, until the famine advanced among his beloved countrymen, and changed his face, and death took him away.

The heroism of a life devoted constantly, for half a century, to serving his race, religion, and country, is a thing so obvious, that it must in time force itself into minds which hate his religion, and dislike his countrymen. England and Scotland cannot for long continue to gainsay the world regarding such a fact. Born of a conquered race, and a persecuted religion, conscious of great energies and great talents, to what nobler work could he have devoted himself, than to redress the wrongs which had for centuries fallen crushingly upon his race and his religion? He might have sought places, titles, honours, wealth. But his soul was nobler. He resolved to make every Irishman the equal of every Englishman. For the first seven long years he laboured amidst indifference, discouragement, and neglect, six or seven hours a day, paying the expenses of the Catholic Association from the hard-won gains of his profession. In a quarter of a century he obtained catholic emancipation. By this great service he made himself the embodiment of the best moral life of Ireland,—the impersonation of, at least, six millions of the Irish population—the representative of a race cruelly oppressed for seven centuries, and of a religion subjected to the direst persecutions for many generations. The result is, that the Irish are ascendant in Ireland; and every year sees every Irishman becoming, politically and ecclesiastically, more



and more the equal of every Englishman. Anglo-Irish protestants, who remember Ireland for the last forty years, describe the revolution as wonderful.

But, let us repeat, the means are nobler still than the results. O'Connell has been the great teacher of the power of moral force. This has been the greatest birth of his genius. He has been the greatest example of the power of reason in governing nations, furnished by the history of mankind. He has taught the giant that he is never so formidable as when subduing prejudices by evidences. He was a Hercules, whose weapon was justice; a Samson, whose great strength lay in his mind. Napoleon, a lieutenant of artillery, made his sword a terror to all the monarchies and empires of Europe. O'Connell, an Irish barrister, exhibited the spectacle for the first time since the world began, of a wild people of seven millions, governed by speech.

To know a man, you must love him. Loving eyes alone can see the amiable and loveable aspects of other men. No man of modern times has been viewed with the eyes of affection by so many fellow-creatures, as Daniel O'Connell. His loveable qualities were seen by his countrymen, by liberal Europe, by all the catholics of the whole world. But aristocrats hated him as the voice of a people, and protestants detested him as the champion and avenger of Romanism. To their eyes his excellencies were invisible. The English and the Scotch vulgar dislike the Irish, and cherished, therefore, an aversion to the impersonation of Irish nationality. There is a wonderful prating about the power of the *Times* newspaper. But its leaders broke against the power and popularity of O'Connell, like spray against a rock. Its calumnies wounded the man, but only added to the glory of the uncrowned king. However, the British press could place his faults in a strong light, and they did it. They could construe him malignly, and they did it, daily, hourly, continually. He quoted the Poor Law Commissioner's report on the subject of illegitimate births, and for repeating what Englishmen reported, every house was made to yell against him as a slanderer of English woman. He named a sum—'say two thousand'—as the probable cost of contesting an Irish seat in parliament, and the journals denounced him as a boroughmonger. All controversy and hostility causes malignant interpretation. As violent as his assailants, and fighting almost single-handed against so many hosts, he was nearly as angry, abusive, and perverse as his enemies. His tongue was never more coarse, and never more slanderous, than were the anonymous pens of Captain Sterling in the '*Times*,' and of Dr. Gifford in the '*Standard*.' For him there were excuses which

did not exist for them. He was a Celt, whose forefathers had not been long under the softening and restraining influences of civilization. Lord Byron makes one of his characters say, 'He is always of the religion of the persecuted.' O'Connell was of the religion of the persecuted, and Sterling and Gifford of the religion of the persecutors. O'Connell was the representative of a race, whom in six centuries the Anglo-Irish Sterlings and Giffords, and others, had despoiled of eleven-twelfths of their land. The sting and venom left by the penal laws was in O'Connell. His assailants were of a race and religion which had fattened on the wrongdoing. This Celtic man, educated by the Jesuits, in large practice as a *nisi prius* barrister, and daily and hourly disgorging extemporaneously the feelings of the moment, was undoubtedly occasionally abusive, false, and libellous. He had not time to write. Most of the reporters were his foes, and they gave a coarser colouring to all his coarseness, and a falser turn to all his mis-statements. His daily talk went constantly into print. His political briefs were prepared by irresponsible whisperers, of whose statements he was necessarily the mouthpiece. Carefully prepared speeches, like those of most other orators, with nicely adjusted draperies and exactly laid colours, his circumstances did not permit. Besides veracity is not the characteristic of this generation of public men. Was Peel veracious when, prior to the general election of 1841, he demanded if any body had defended the corn laws more than he had done? Was Russell veracious when shuffling on the appropriation clause, and deluding the methodists respecting the education grant? Undoubtedly there was much of the Celtic savage, the Jesuit, and the *nisi prius* advocate about O'Connell. But he was not a politician in an age when the 'yea' of statesmen was 'yea,' and their 'nay' just 'nay.' Adam Smith denounced this class of men generally as 'cunning and crafty animals.' 'The morality of politicians is the morality of horse-jockeys'—was the aphorism which embodied the personal experience of Thomas Chalmers.

A genuine fund of humour is the characteristic of all good fellows and of most great men. They have always a good laugh in them. His humour was a source of the power of O'Connell. It was in early life and manhood, wild and rollicking, and continued almost to the last. When Honan's statue of the Liberator had just been erected in the Exchange, Dublin, O'Connell and Mr. Pearce Mahony were passing on their way to the castle. Mr. Pearce Mahony is well known as the solicitor in whom Mr. O'Connell placed the utmost confidence, though neither a repealer nor a catholic. He knew whom to trust; and Mr.

Mahony is prouder of the confidence of O'Connell, and their friendship throughout their lives, than he could be of the honours of the crown. O'Connell was always followed by a crowd of idlers, when seen in the streets of Dublin. Mr. Mahony asked—'Don't you know that your statue is up?' 'No,' replied O'Connell. 'You ought to see it.' 'Well, let us go in.' The crowd continually swelling, formed a circle round them, as they examined the statue which represents not the intellect of the man, but the animal aspect of O'Connell. On leaving, Mr. O'Connell said, 'Well, Pearce, I think we ought to lift our hats, and bow to the old gentleman.' They took off their hats and bowed to the statue, amidst the laughter of the group of bystanders. No Englishman could have a more complete contempt than O'Connell had for the very Irish qualities of blarney and violence. Some of his noisy followers had been insisting on their impracticable notions at a somewhat private meeting of the repealers. He turned round to a friend beside him, and said—'Now you see my difficulties. Are you not astonished how I could emancipate such a crew?'

Mr. O'Connell was, in his own character, a refutation of the nonsense of which Mr. Campbell Foster has published a thick volume, which refers the miseries of the Irish to their peculiarities as a race. Of all the public men of the time, the one most remarkable for solid sagacity and dogged perseverance, for what are called Saxon qualities, was this Celt of the Celts—this product of the kingdom of Kerry, where, in his time, intermarriages of the Irish with the Irish, were almost the only marriages, and everybody was everybody's cousin.

But on the qualities to which Mr. O'Connell owed his greatness, we beg leave to quote what we have said elsewhere:—

'Mr. O'Connell used to say he was 'the best abused man in Europe.' This was true; and a truth significant of his importance in Europe. Since Napoleon, he has had no equal in the political power which he has wielded. People did not abuse man without a purpose; and the amount of abuse may, therefore, be the measure of fear of the assailants for their interests. O'Connell effected a revolution in Ireland; and the signs of it were manifest in his own history, within the last twenty years. We remember when the forms of the constitution would not permit him to take his seat as a simple member of parliament. We knew him when the chief of a compact band of from forty to sixty members of the House of Commons, exercising the dominancy of a superior will and intellect over his inferiors, in mind and purpose, he was the most powerful man in British affairs—the master successively of the Melbourne and the Russell cabinets. Dr. Merle D'Aubigne says, 'the only man of these times like Martin Luther, in the power he wielded, was Daniel O'Connell; he was constantly acting on public opinion, by his pen and tongue, by letters and speeches, as a journalist and an orator.' But Luther was



never master of cabinets, and never, therefore, the **most** powerful personality concerned in the government of an **empire**. Of course, there is a difference between the greatness of a **man's** qualities, and the greatness of his position. There may have been a concurrence of circumstances which gave his greatness to O'Connell, but the weakest theory we have seen of it, is the one which refers it to the obstinacy of George the III. in refusing Catholic emancipation. In conversation, Mr. O'Connell himself gave a satisfactory explanation of the matter. 'A man has energy,' he said, 'and his circumstances determine the use he is to make of it.' 'There is a dumb war,' he used to say, 'always going on in Ireland.' He had energy, and he gave it to the cause of his race and his religion. The war did not make the energy, which unquestionably made itself powerfully felt in the battle and in the victory. There is always work to be done demanding the greatest energy, and it waits until the strong man rises to do it.

'Never perhaps has any man lived and acted whose life has equalled that of Daniel O'Connell in consistency of agitation. If this be a virtue, he is the perfection of it. Though the horrors of the French Revolution almost made him a Tory when a boy, as soon as he made up his mind in early manhood, his opinions and purposes at twenty-five were nearly what they were at seventy. We have somewhere seen in one extract, the earliest expressions of his mind forty years ago, a list of the reforms he pledged himself to effect. There was no mincing modesty or timidity in this list. He said, 'support me, and I will do them.' 'The Parliament in College Green' was a late promise, which every now and then was modified by an 'or'—'Repeal *or* justice for Ireland.' Writers who make much of the differences of race—a theme about which there is much nonsense in vogue—will be pleased to explain why this chief of the Celts—the Irish Celts—the mercurial, impracticable, versatile, talkative, unsteady Celts—has been for five-and-forty years the steadiest politician in the three kingdoms. The Saxon Peel has been a teetotum, the Anglo-Irish Wellesley a drifting iceberg, the half-Scotch half-English Brougham a 'Will-o'-the-wisp' compared with this dogged, steady, obstinate Celt, O'Connell. His principles and purposes, his views and aims, and all his modes of carrying them out, have been the same for half a century. The greatest example of the Saxon qualities of steadiness and practicality in these days has been this great Celt. O'Connell had none of the imaginative genius of the Anglo-Irish, which displays itself in the splendour of the eloquence of Burke, Curran, Grattan, and Shiel. Compared with theirs, his was the eloquence of business. His rhetoric was all second-hand. He convulsed his audience at Covent Garden by describing the Corn-Law Dukes as fellows whose shadows were afraid to follow them. O'Connell, we said, *can* produce a good and witty joke of his own, when a friend interrupted us, saying—'It is taken from Hudibras, whose couplet is—

'A man he was so ghastly and so grim,  
His very shadow feared to follow him.'

There was no original Irish wit in this greatest of the Irish. O'Connell had Saxon steadiness, and was destitute of Irish fancy; and to this curi-

ous fact must be ascribed the consequence that, while the florid orators of Ireland were weak and beautiful as flags on a ship of war, he was powerful and terrible as the guns within her port-holes.'

In this journal, we cannot omit a few remarks on the conduct of Mr. O'Connell, in reference to the voluntary principle. Thomas Chalmers and Daniel O'Connell met but once, we believe, in their lives, and they came into controversial collision, once, only, on the voluntary principle. They were introduced to each other in the speaker's gallery of the old House of Commons, and agreed wonderfully in condemnation of Poor Laws. It is notable respecting these men, that Mr. O'Connell, though coarse and vituperative in his speeches, was polished and courteous in private life; reminding one, by his manners, in these free and easy days, of the graceful and dignified bearing ascribed in memoirs to the abbés and nobles of France, under the *ancien regime*. Dr. Chalmers, whose speeches never contained anything unworthy of the scholar, the gentleman, and divine, at first sight appeared to be an honest Scotch peasant, *Fifeshire* in his pronunciation, and awkward in his demeanour. Among gentlemen, O'Connell always maintained the tone of equality and courtesy, except when some remark about Ireland would make him seem every inch a king. Among gentlemen Dr. Chalmers never seemed an equal; he was a peasant, in clerical black; until an emotion of benevolence, or a conception of genius, lifted the white-headed orator up as if into the regions where the good and great seem glorified.

They came into collision on the voluntary principle. Chalmers had an extraordinary reverence for rank and wealth. Once at dinner at the table of a nobleman, he was noticed poising a gold spoon in his hand, and surveying it with wonder and admiration, and at length his thrilling voice remarked, 'its a' solid.' When made a member of the French Institute, he visited Paris, and though he could not understand the debate in French, he listened for some time in the Chamber of Deputies. On retiring, he stopped on the steps, and leaning on his umbrella, burst into a loud 'guffaw' of laughter. His companion, from whom we have the anecdote, inquired what amused him. He said—'I am looking at the miserable hacks of the wretched cabs in which the French members come to their Parliament, look at that horse with a poke of corn at his mouth—and I am thinking of the splendid horses and superb equipages in Parliament Street.' This weakness of character explains the appearance of Dr. Chalmers in London, delivering eloquent eulogiums on the splendours of prelacy. He used to say, that if the bishopric of Durham had never produced any thing but

'Butler's Analogy,' the book was an ample return for all its revenues. But the establishment he defended was a creature of his imagination. It was a church like the Englishman's cottage, through which every wind of heaven may whistle, but which the king must not enter. The shrewd and practical intellect of O'Connell saw clearly the delusions of Chalmers,—the catholic scorned the reverence paid to Anglican episcopacy, the Irish liberal despised the worshipper of the English aristocracy. Mr. O'Connell replied to Dr. Chalmers, at a meeting of the Protestant Dissenters, in a speech full of all his qualities, acuteness, vehemence, and coarseness. London has never heard more impassioned voluntarism, than came from the lips of the great catholic. In the course of the ensuing ten years, the positions of these men became substantially reversed; Dr. Chalmers became practically a voluntary, Mr. O'Connell the clamourer for an establishment. Probably their inward convictions remained unchanged, but their public aspects became just the opposite in both. They thus saw each other always through controversial aspects. Chalmers would turn away from the name of O'Connell with a condemnation of his vituperative coarseness. O'Connell laughed at the practical gullibility of Chalmers. When Dr. Chalmers returned to Scotland, he found the king not merely entering the church, on whose spiritual independence he had been so eloquent, but ordering every thing there, ordination, discipline, and sacraments. He became practically a voluntary, and cast his endowments away from him as dishonourable. He was requested to come up to London and explain the change. When the rumour of his coming was mentioned to Mr. O'Connell, he said, 'To be sure, he ought to come up, and reply to himself, by unsaying all he said. He told us that a religion could not be free without an establishment, and now he should tell us a religion cannot be free with an establishment. I told him, a religion which was not independent was no religion at all, and he has found out that his religion was not independent.' In a few months after this conversation, Mr. O'Connell was, himself, employing the whole of the resources of his eloquence to get his religion made an establishment, or no religion at all. His chief argument was, that the religion of the majority had been established in Scotland with happy advantage, and, therefore, the religion of the majority ought to be established in Ireland. The next time we met him, we twitted him on the change, telling him that the catholics of Ireland were only in the same condition with half the English and two-thirds of the Scotch. His reply was, 'But they have been the majority both in England and Scotland, and they have been established; but my religion never



has been established.' Mr. O'Connell changed the subject immediately, and his manner flashed the conviction into the mind of his friend, that the *Liberator* had abandoned his voluntaryism, and changed his demand of equality for one of ascendancy, in obedience to ecclesiastical authority.

It was reverence for what he understood of the will of God in the Bible respecting the position of Christian churches, which made Dr. Chalmers become practically, though not theoretically, a voluntary. It may have been reverence for what he accounted the authority of God in his church, which made the voluntary O'Connell the advocate of catholic establishment and ascendancy in Ireland. It were equally wrong to blame Chalmers for being a sincere protestant, and O'Connell for being a sincere catholic.

We do not mean these views to be regarded as a final estimate of O'Connell; they are merely observations thrown out as helps towards a just appreciation of certainly the most extraordinary political figure of this era.

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### Brief Notices.

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*The Works of Josephus: a New Translation.* By the Rev. Robert Trail, D.D., M.R.S.A. With Notes, Explanatory Essays, and Pictorial Illustrations. London: Houlston and Stoneman. Parts I.—IV.

THIS publication supplies an obvious and very important desideratum. A pictorial Josephus, well illustrated by the researches of travel and by the skill of art, cannot fail to be in request among a large class of readers. To those who are acquainted with the pictorial works so ably edited by Dr. Kitto—his 'Commentary,' his 'Palestine,' and especially the 'Bible' which is now appearing a second time, and in a greatly improved form—this edition of the Jewish historian is sure to be welcome, as furnishing many supplementary illustrations of the sacred volume. Next to the inspired records, Josephus is confessedly entitled to the attention of every student of the history of Palestine. It is high time, therefore, that his works should be given to English readers, with every improvement and advantage which good scholarship, in combination with the exploring enterprise and the artistic skill of the age, can command. The present edition is designed to accomplish this desirable purpose.

Dr. Traill informs us—'it is his wish to give Josephus anew to English literature, in the spirit of modern'—he should say of *recent* 'historical science;' bringing to bear upon pages, which in themselves are so important, every available means of elucidation, not only with due industry, but in a temper free from solitudes, from predilections, and from party impulses.'

The distinguishing features of this edition, which constitute its peculiar claims to public favour, are the following:—First, we have a new translation. This makes, we believe, the seventh in our language. The one best known is by Whiston, which first appeared in 1737; and it so far surpassed its predecessors as to become the standard version, which distinction it has also maintained for a century. This fact is a strong proof of its general excellence; but we must not infer that the present translation is uncalled for. Dr. Traill is decidedly superior to Whiston in the style, and also in the fidelity, of his version. Some may think the new translation too free, and the style somewhat stilted, but none will question its superiority.

As the second feature in this edition, we must mention the notes and explanatory essays. These are intended to make the reader better acquainted with the personages, the places, and the scenes of the history. In the Parts before us we have an able essay on the personal character of Josephus, with a number of valuable topographical and other notes. All this is very good, but we regret much that the editor has not added brief marginal notes, after the manner of Whiston, in illustration or confirmation of the Bible. Dr. Traill's omission of such marginal comments is to be deplored, for without them his edition will be deficient in one important source of interest and utility.

Lastly, and pre-eminently, our attention is claimed by the pictorial illustrations. These may justly be regarded as the crowning merit of the edition. Respecting them, Dr. Traill says—'the plates accompanying this work, whether they be more or less pictorial and ornamental as to their style and subject, are intended to subserve three distinct purposes.' The first is to aid the conceptions of the reader, by bringing before him graphically the scene of any signal transaction; the second is to furnish direct elucidation or confirmation of particular passages of the history; and the third is to elucidate some points of Jewish archæology, bearing on the scriptures more than on Josephus. The first portion of the work, comprising the historian's autobiography and the Jewish war, is to be enriched with *one hundred and twenty engravings*, most of which are views of the scenes of the history, taken on the spot and expressly for this work, by W. Tipping, Esq.; and executed on steel in a finished style, or in imitation of the original sketches. The remaining plates consist of medallion heads of the chief personages mentioned, and plans of architectural remains, maps, &c. With all that have already appeared we are greatly pleased; and we trust that the remainder will be equally well executed. If a good map of

Palestine, adapted to the time of Josephus, be given, we shall feel really obliged; for no such thing exists as yet, so far as we have seen or heard.

The accuracy of the impression is very creditable. Some errata are, however, to be found; *e. g.* p. iv. ΣEBATHΣ for ΣEBAΣTHΣ; p. xvi, *Reize* for *Reise*.

In conclusion, we heartily commend this edition of Josephus to public patronage. It cannot fail to be recognised as the standard work in its department. And it is cheap, considering the excellence of the typographical execution and the cost of the literary and the artistic preparations. The death of Dr. Traill, which we regret to announce, will not hinder the completion of the undertaking. We are happy to find, that Mr. Isaac Taylor, who rendered valuable aid from the commencement, now comes forward as the editor and continuator of the work.

*Iberia Won: A Poem descriptive of the Peninsular War; with Impressions from Recent Visits to the Battle Grounds, and Copious Historical and Illustrative Notes.* By T. M. Hughes, author of 'An Overland Journey to Lisbon.' 'Revelations of Spain.' 'The Ocean Flower,' &c. London: Longman, and Co., 1847.

MR. HUGHES is favourably known to the public by his books on Spain and Portugal. This work, he tells us, is the result of six years' residence in the Peninsula, devoted to literary pursuits. The climate of the British Islands would be fatal to him, and severe sickness has during the last three years made his life isolated and his habits meditative. His mind having for years been filled with the great Peninsular struggle, he has traversed, at the risk of his life, the whole Peninsula, from east to west, visiting battle-grounds. His task, we agree with him, if ambitious, is honourable. He tries to give us a great historical event in a poetical shape. Though he tries to inculcate a horror of war, he celebrates splendid military achievements. Now, for ourselves, we think the poets have sung the deeds of soldiers quite enough. There are nobler themes unsung. Were we to believe the poets and their preferences, the most heroic men who have ever lived have been professional men of blood. Our want of sympathy with his subject may be the cause of the fault, if our admiration is not great of this poem. Byron seems to have been the poet most familiar to the youth of Mr. Hughes, but he has not caught the wonderful mastery of versification of his master. In fact, when we consider the intelligence which Mr. Hughes undoubtedly possesses, and the proximity to the unseen world in which his peculiarly precarious life is passed, we regret that his mind is full of battle-grounds and military exploits. Had the object of his journeys been to benefit the people of the Peninsula, his conduct would



have been more like the example of Him of whom it was said—'He went about doing good.' God said—'Let there be light and there was light'—is a sentence, the sublimity of which—the grandeur of the act of creation has been frequently admired, but there is a moral sublimity, equally admirable, comparatively unnoticed in the sentence—'He went about doing good.'

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*Crime and Education: the Duty of the State therein.* By the Rev. William J. E. Bennett, M.A. Late Student of Christchurch, Oxford, and Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. London: W. J. Cleaver. 1846.

MR. BENNETT has collected in his pamphlet a good deal of valuable and interesting information upon the subject of crime and education. His views, however, are far from being the most advanced of the age. A clergyman who condenses into the following sentence his notions of the duty of the state, has much to learn. 'The toleration of dissent in a reluctant charity: the propagation of the church with an obedient faithfulness.' Such a writer does not know where he is, nor what o'clock it is. At a time when the most powerful elements of society are collecting their strength against all state churches, when the most energetic and determined spirits are banding together for the severance of church and state, to talk of tolerating dissent, and propagating the church, is as wise as it would be to establish a society for the revival of mail-coaches.

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*The History of the Saracens, comprising the Lives of Mohammed and his Successors, to the Death of Abdalmelik, the Eleventh Caliph; with an Account of their most remarkable Batiles, Sieges, Revolts, &c.* By Simon Ockley, B.D. The Fourth Edition, revised, improved, and enlarged. London: H. G. Bohn.

THIS work is probably known to but few of our readers. Its author was born at Acton, in 1678, and in 1711, was chosen Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. He died in 1720, and experienced his full measure of the trials of life. His 'History of the Saracens' was published in two volumes octavo, the first appearing in 1708, and the second in 1718. A third edition of the work was printed at Cambridge, in 1757, to which Dr. Long, the Master of Pembroke Hall, prefixed 'An Account of the Arabians or Saracens, of the Life of Mohammed, and the Mohammedan Religion.' The laborious research and sound scholarship of the author have obtained unqualified praise, and insured for his production a permanent place amongst the sterling literature of his country. Gibbon speaks of

him as 'a learned and spirited interpreter of Arabian authorities, whose tales and traditions afford an artless picture of the men and the times.' The present edition, contained in a single volume, is reprinted from that of 1757, and is enriched with a large number of notes, from the researches of Major Price, Burckhardt, Mills, Lane, Don Pascual de Gayangos, and other writers on Arabian history. A Memoir of the Author, with a Table of Contents and an Index, and other valuable matters, have also been added, and it is intended in a future volume to give a continuation of the history to the extinction of the Bagdad Caliphate. Altogether the work presents a most attractive aspect, and we hope that its enterprising publisher will be rewarded by a large circulation. The sterling character of the history entitles it to a place in *The Standard Library*, to the purchasers of which it cannot fail to prove highly welcome.

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*A Commentary on the Apocalypse.* By Moses Stuart. 8vo. pp. 839.  
Edinburgh: Maclachlan, Stewart, & Co.

THE biblical students of this country are greatly indebted to Messrs. Maclachlan, Stewart, and Co., for the republication of this work. It is brought out at one-third of the price of the American edition, and is printed with a clear and readable type, on good paper. We need say nothing more in commendation of it than repeat the opinion which we gave in February, 1846, and which was to the following effect:—

'The present work of Professor Stuart is well adapted to excite the inquiring student to fresh investigations. It opens up a mode of interpreting the Apocalypse almost new to the reader. Few English commentators have trodden in the same exegetical path. Following out the method of investigation opened up by Herder, Eichhorn, Ewald, and Lücke, the learned author has been highly successful in the dark and difficult region through which he has passed. Henceforward this commentary must be a standard book in the estimation of impartial and independent inquirers. There is none in the compass of the English, or even of the German language, that can be compared with it in depth of learning, fundamental research, and general correctness of results. The venerable author has laboured long over it—not in vain. As the last great work which the world may expect from his pen—the legacy he bequeathes to the people of God—we accept it with thankfulness. \* \*

\* \* The views developed in it are novel in this land, a circumstance sufficient with many to ensure their rejection. They are contrary to old opinions and current prejudices, and therefore by a species of logic not uncommon, they must be *neological*.—In all the higher qualities which constitute proper commentary, it is pre-eminently abundant. The writer has entered into the spirit of the inspired composition, and shed a welcome light on its dim drapery. Future commentators, grateful for the assistance here afforded, will be stimulated to obtain a clearer insight

into the meaning of the prophet, to correct what is erroneous, and to confirm the characteristic outlines of the exposition now submitted to the public.'

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*Youthful Life, and Pictures of Travel; being the Autobiography of Madame Schopenhauer.* Translated from the German. In two vols. London: Longman, and Co.

THESE small volumes are a translation of the 'Ingendleben und Wanderbilder,' of Johanna Schopenhauer, one of the most popular female writers of Germany. They constitute, in fact, her autobiography, so far at least as she was permitted to execute the plan. She lived to complete only about one-third of her design, and we are therefore indebted to her daughter for supplying some important omissions. The life of Madame Schopenhauer, was full of incident. Born at Danzig, she witnessed the dismemberment of Poland, rejoiced with republican sympathy at the breaking out and success of the American revolution, visited Paris just prior to its fearful tragedy, was present at Versailles, when Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette celebrated, for the last time, the Fête de St. Louis, resided subsequently at Weimar, when the battle of Jena proclaimed to Germany, as with a voice of thunder, the new order of things that was arising, and associated on intimate terms with Goethe and the most distinguished men around her. Such were the opportunities she possessed of obtaining correct and multifarious information, and the style of the present work is ample proof of her ability to improve them. Her descriptions of Danzig, its architecture and institutions, the characteristics of the various people by whom it was visited, its political fortunes and ultimate decline, possess a vivacity and truth not often surpassed, and which cannot fail to charm the intelligent reader. Altogether, the work has more than ordinary attractions. It is the production of an intelligent woman, who has seen the best society, and is well skilled to make use of the information acquired.

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*The Works of Frederick Schiller.—Historical Dramas.* Translated from the German. London: Henry G. Bohn.

So much has lately been written respecting Schiller, that we are under no temptation to enlarge on the theme. He has had many passionate admirers amongst us, but the great bulk of our countrymen know little of his writings. This has resulted principally from the fact that his magnificent productions have not existed in an accessible and popular form. Had it been otherwise, they could not have failed to command universal admiration, for he was at once, as Mr. Carlyle says, 'fiery and tender; impetuous, soft, affectionate; his enthusiasm clothed the universe with grandeur, and sent his spirit forth to explore its secrets, and mingle warmly in its interests.' The present volume, forming the third of *The Standard Library* of his



works, contains, Don Carlos, Mary Stuart, The Maid of Orleans, and The Bride of Messina, four of his most admired dramas. 'Neither labour nor expense,' says Mr. Bohn, 'has been spared in the production of the present volume, and scarcely any sale of it, in this popular form, can reimburse the publisher; but if he should succeed in diffusing among his countrymen a more enlarged appreciation of the beauties of Schiller, he will feel abundantly requited.' We need not say one word in commendation of such an edition. A simple announcement will suffice to induce its purchase by a large and increasing class.

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*A Whim and its Consequences.* In three volumes. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

WE know nothing of the author of these volumes; but whoever he may be, his powers are far from inconsiderable, and his skill in using them indicates a practised hand. His characters are sketched with distinctness, individuality, and truthfulness; the course of the narrative, though shaped for effect, does not so far deviate from the probable, as to awaken painful emotions; the development of the plot is clever; and the moral tone pervading the whole unexceptionable. A few words and phrases might have been omitted with advantage, but if our writers of fiction had usually respected the limits observed by the author of '*A Whim and its Consequences*,' their productions would have escaped much of the censure which they have provoked. The characters of Chandos, Whislom, and of Rose Tracy, of little Tim, and of his Gipsy mother, not to forget William Lockwood, General Tracy, and the hard-mouthed but really kind-hearted surgeon, Woodyard, are drawn with great skill, and possess, in consequence, the power of deeply interesting the reader.

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*Lectures delivered at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol.* By John Foster. Second Series. 8vo. pp. 476. London: Jackson and Walford.

FEW of our readers will need a single word to be said in commendation of this volume. The reputation of the author stands too high for this. One feeling only will be excited by its appearance, and that will partake of the nature of satisfaction and thankfulness. It is due to the editor to remark, that the volume is not made up of shreds and patches, the mere refuse of Mr. Foster's genius. On the contrary, the most fastidious of his admirers will read the thirty-five lectures which it contains, with unalloyed satisfaction, and will rejoice that no one of them has been lost. The productions of such a mind are sterling. All of them have inherent worth, and none can be lost without irreparable injury to the best interests of mankind. We thank Mr. Ryland for the pains with which he has edited the volume, and doubt not that it will readily take its place by the other productions of its gifted author.

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*France, her Governmental, Administrative, and Social Organization, Exposed and Considered in its Principles, in its Working, and in its Results.* 8vo. Second Edition. London: James Madden.

WE are glad to see a second edition of this work. It augurs well for the country, and we cordially repeat the strong and emphatic recommendation which we gave it on its first appearance. The author has rendered a European service by its publication, and deserves the thanks of every friend of popular institutions. 'Three years have now elapsed,' he says, 'since the first publication of this work; and yet I have nothing to alter in its objects, in its plan, in the statements and facts which fill it, or in the opinions, judgments, and anticipations or predictions, which it fearlessly, because conscientiously, expressed. Nay, even more, the altered circumstances under which it reappears, render the pursuit of my object more necessary, and convince me that the exposure of the governmental, administrative, and social organization of France is, at this very moment, of still greater importance than it was in 1844.' To our own countrymen the volume supplies an instructive warning, and we trust that its exposure of the centralizing system of France, will put them on their guard against the efforts which are made to introduce the same policy amongst ourselves. The work has some important bearings in connexion with grave questions recently agitated amongst us, and may be studied with immense advantage. It has our warmest approval, and should be found in the hands of every intelligent Englishman. Its veracity defies exposure, while its spirit is at once earnest, high-minded, and largely patriotic.

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*Digest of the Laws relating to Bribery and Treating at Elections of Members to serve in Parliament, and for the better Discovery thereof; illustrated by the Cases decided in the Committees of the House of Commons and Courts of Law. With an Appendix, containing the Statutes.* By James Cook Evans, Esq., Lincoln's-Inn. 12mo. pp. 86. London: Thomas Blenkarn.

A VERY useful volume, to which the friends of purity of election should give a wide circulation. Its appearance just now is opportune, and parliamentary candidates and their friends will do well to secure its extensive currency in their respective circles. Such a publication has been long needed; and the manner in which Mr. Evans has prepared it, does great credit to his diligence and legal research. Nothing more, as Blackstone remarks, is needed, to complete the efficacy of the laws against bribery, 'but resolution and integrity, to put them in strict execution.'

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*Stray Leaves from a Freemason's Note-book.* By a Suffolk Rector.  
London: Richard Spencer.

THE author is entitled to a commendation which the literary value of his book would not secure, from the fact that the profits arising from its sale are dedicated to charities connected with the masonic order. It consists of a series of papers, some three or four of which have already appeared. The first gives some anecdotes of the late Sir William Webb Follett, when at the school of Dr. Lempriere. The boy was truly the father of the man. Passing over the two following sketches, 'The Soldier Mason,' and the 'The Anti-Masonic Vicar,' we have one on the 'Curse of Talent,' when possessed without regulating principle, as exemplified in the history of Edmund Kean, the end of whose life was unrelieved, even by competency, after having received nearly ninety thousand pounds during his professional career; and by another—whose name we wish had been omitted—though with a very different inference, namely, the lamented Dr. Lant Carpenter. The next chapters are respectively entitled, 'Canning in Retirement,' and 'A Literary Soirée;' of the former we may remark, that the sketch is a very meagre one, and of the latter, that if the persons introduced did talk as they are here represented, we should be compelled to adopt a very different estimate of them to that we entertained. These are followed by a tale entitled, 'The measure meted out to others, measured to us again,' the next to which, and the most curious in the book, 'The Foreign Sorceress and the British Statesman,' is an account of the visit of Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Canning to a mystical lady in Paris, who, in a fountain of water, made to pass before them the manner of their deaths. To these succeed several other papers on various topics which we need not specify, and which will be read with different degrees of interest according to the taste and predilections of the peruser.

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*The Solar System.* By Thomas Dick, LL. D. London: The Religious Tract Society.

WHOEVER presents facts relating to any science in such a manner as enables those, who have no technical knowledge of it, to understand and profit by them, deserves well of the public. This remark applies to the writer of the little book before us, it being designed for those who are unable to bring to its perusal previous acquaintance with the subject of which it treats. To all such we cordially recommend it, not only because it will afford them great insight into the discoveries of astronomy, but because the author, not contenting himself with a description of the wonders around us, has made them an occasion to direct our attention and point out our duty to Him who made us.

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*A New Year's Gift for the Medical Profession.* Bailliere, Regent Street. pp. 58.

A PAMPHLET containing two able articles, one by Mr. Prideaux, of Southampton, in advocacy of the doctrines of phrenology; the other by Dr. Engeldice, of Portsmouth, in defence of animal magnetism. On reading these articles, we felt that a criticism of their contents would be unsuitable to our pages; but to one portion, not essential to the controversy which appears to have called them forth, as it contains a series of observations calculated to throw some light upon, if not to decide, the '*questio vexata*' of the physiology of the cerebellum, we must invite the attention of our professional readers. Mr. Prideaux has collected together a number of facts deduced from an examination of 'nearly three hundred brains, comprising those of most of the vertebrata resident in the British Isles,' from which he infers that the lateral lobes of the cerebellum have a direct relation to the development of the cuticular system of nerves; whilst the median lobe is the 'ganglion of the nerves of muscular resistance, conveying a sense of the position of the extremities and the centre of gravity.'

These views are new, and demand the severest scrutiny; should they prove in the end to be incontrovertible, Mr. Prideaux will have to claim for himself the honour of adding a discovery to physiological science, of more consequence, perhaps, than any since that of the reflex function.

*The True End of Education, and the Means adapted to it.* By Margaret Thornley. Edinburgh: J. & J. Clark.

THESE letters are addressed to a lady entering on her profession as a private governess. They possess great merit, abounding in just and enlarged views, and in important directions. Not only will the work be found valuable to the class immediately addressed, but teachers in general, and parents, may derive important counsel from its pages.

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